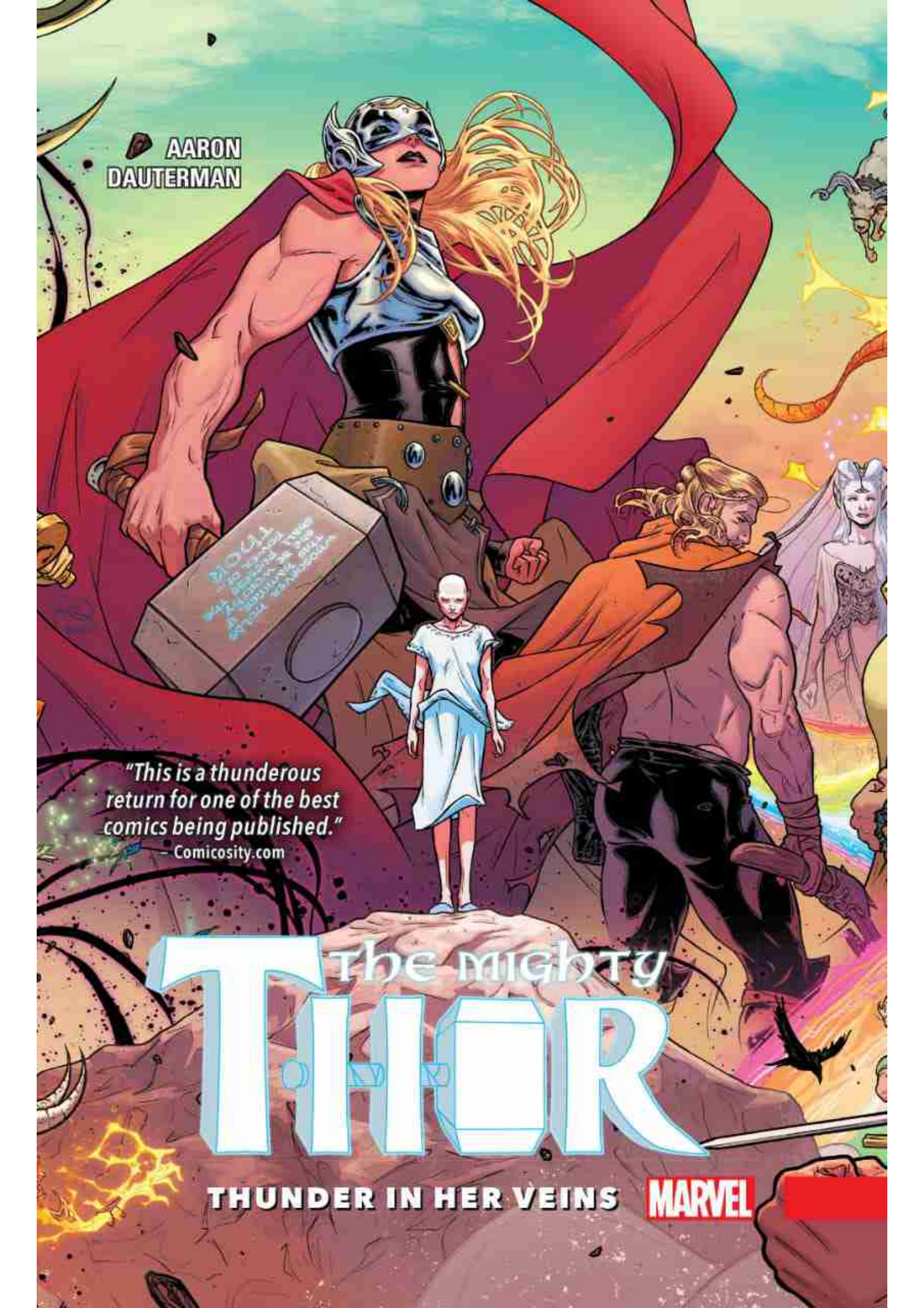


A dynamic comic book cover for 'The Mighty Thor'. Thor, with long blonde hair and a red cape, is shown from the waist up, holding a large, grey, cube-shaped object. He is wearing a silver and black suit. In the background, a man in an orange cape and a woman in a white dress are visible. The scene is set against a backdrop of a bright, hazy sky with a large, red, winged figure. The overall tone is heroic and epic.

**AARON
DAUTERMAN**

*"This is a thunderous
return for one of the best
comics being published."*

— Comicosity.com

The mighty **THOR**

THUNDER IN HER VEINS

MARVEL





The mighty THOR

THUNDER IN HER VEINS

WHEN DR. JANE FOSTER LIFTS THE MYSTIC HAMMER MJOLNIR, SHE IS TRANSFORMED INTO
THE GODDESS OF THUNDER, THE MIGHTY THOR!
HER ENEMIES ARE MANY, AS ASGARD DESCENDS FURTHER INTO CHAOS AND WAR THREATENS
TO SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE TEN REALMS. YET HER GREATEST BATTLE WILL BE AGAINST
A FAR MORE PERSONAL Foe: THE CANCER THAT IS KILLING HER MORTAL FORM...

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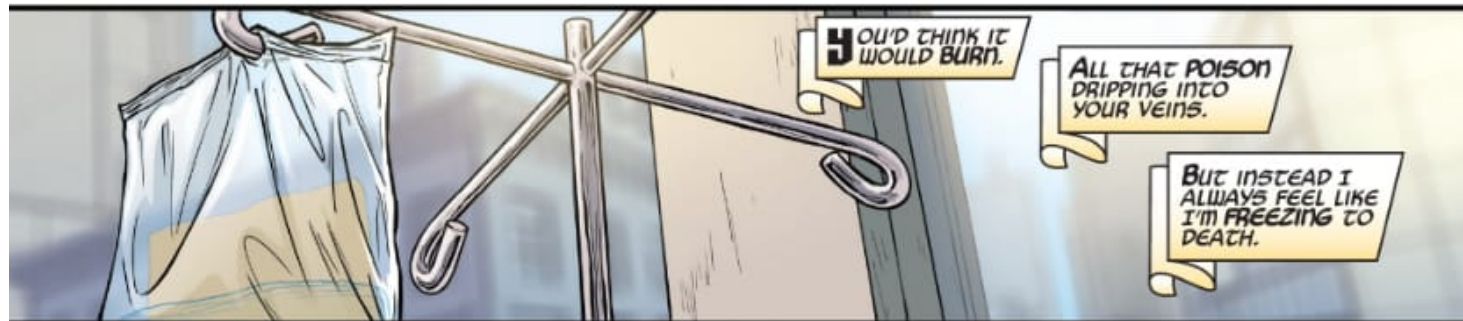
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THUNDER IN HER VEINS



YOU'D THINK IT WOULD BURN.

ALL THAT POISON DRIPPING INTO YOUR VEINS.

BUT INSTEAD I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE I'M FREEZING TO DEATH.



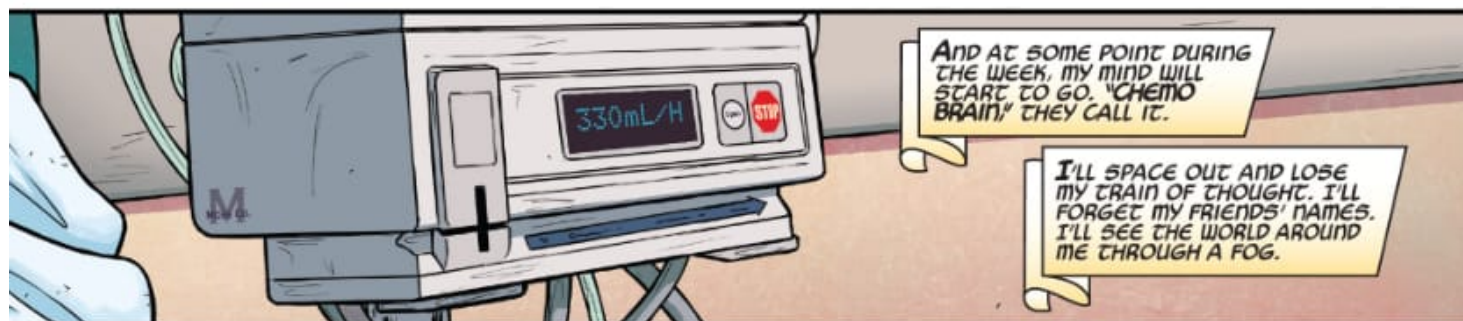
FOR THE FIRST FEW HOURS AT LEAST, THE HEAT COMES LATER. BUBBLING UP FROM SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE ME, LIKE A VOLCANO ERUPTING IN MY GUTS.

I PUKE LAVA AND PEE RED CHEMICALS. AND THEN STUMBLE OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT, ROASTING INSIDE AND OUT.



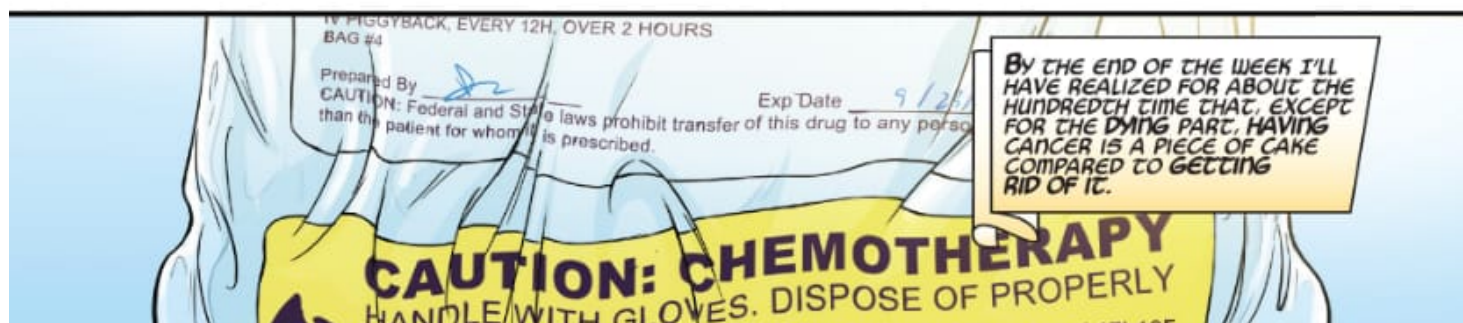
TOMORROW I'LL BE MORE EXHAUSTED THAN I'VE EVER BEEN IN MY LIFE. MY HANDS WILL BE NUMB. MY MOUTH FILLED WITH SORES.

I'LL LIE IN BED, TRYING NOT TO PUKE, FEELING LIKE A STRANGER IN MY OWN SKIN. MY OWN PUFFY, BALD SKIN.



AND AT SOME POINT DURING THE WEEK, MY MIND WILL START TO GO. "CHEMO BRAIN," THEY CALL IT.

I'LL SPACE OUT AND LOSE MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT. I'LL FORGET MY FRIENDS' NAMES. I'LL SEE THE WORLD AROUND ME THROUGH A FOG.



IV PIGGYBACK, EVERY 12H, OVER 2 HOURS
BAG #4

Prepared By [Signature] Exp Date 9/2/20
CAUTION: Federal and State laws prohibit transfer of this drug to any person other than the patient for whom it is prescribed.

BY THE END OF THE WEEK I'LL HAVE REALIZED FOR ABOUT THE HUNDRETH TIME THAT, EXCEPT FOR THE DYING PART, HAVING CANCER IS A PIECE OF CAKE COMPARED TO GETTING RID OF IT.



AND THEN I'LL HAVE A FEW DAYS OF FEELING ALL RIGHT. A FEW DAYS TO LIVE LIFE LIKE A NORMAL PERSON. OR AT LEAST AS NORMAL AS I EVER GET.

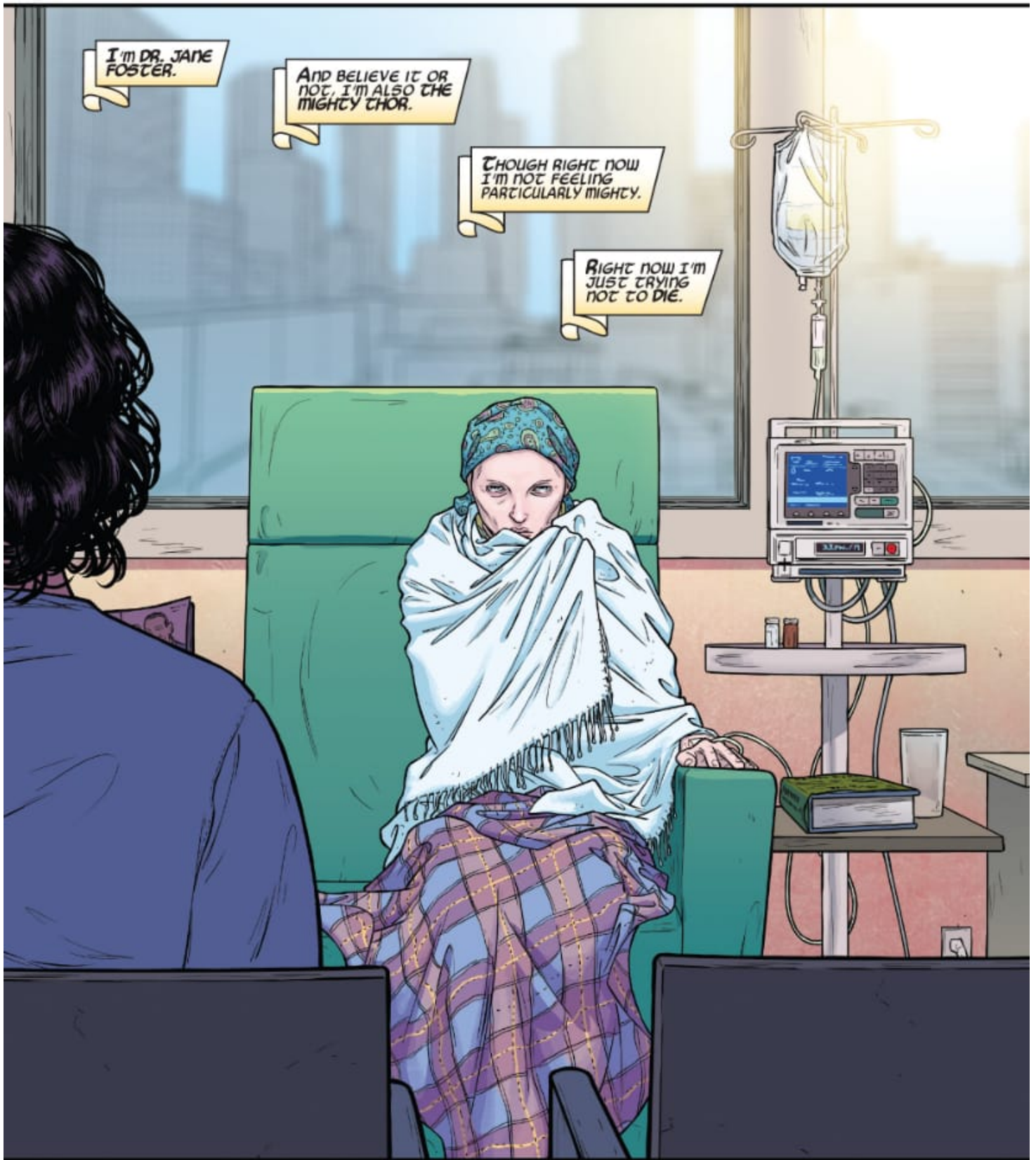
BEFORE I HAVE TO COME BACK HERE AND DO THIS ALL OVER AGAIN.

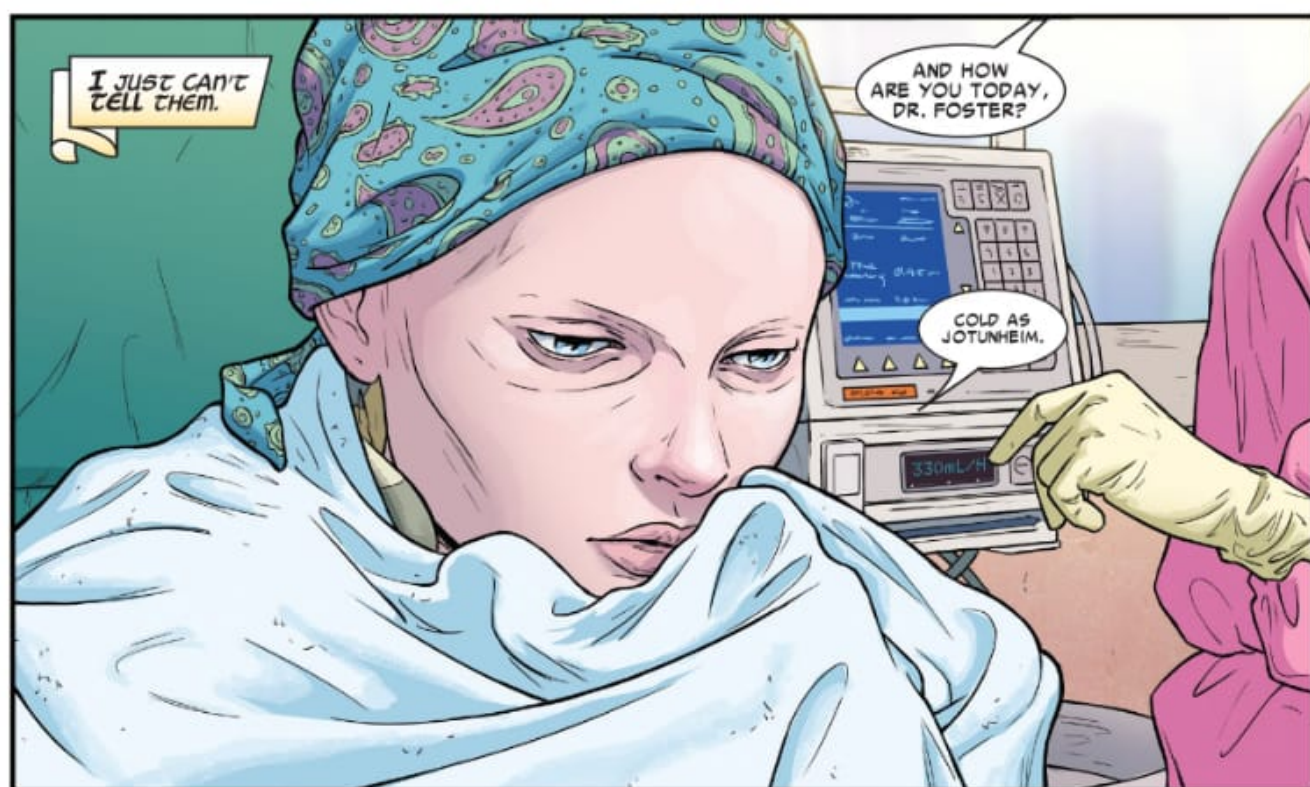
I'M DR. JANE
FOSTER.

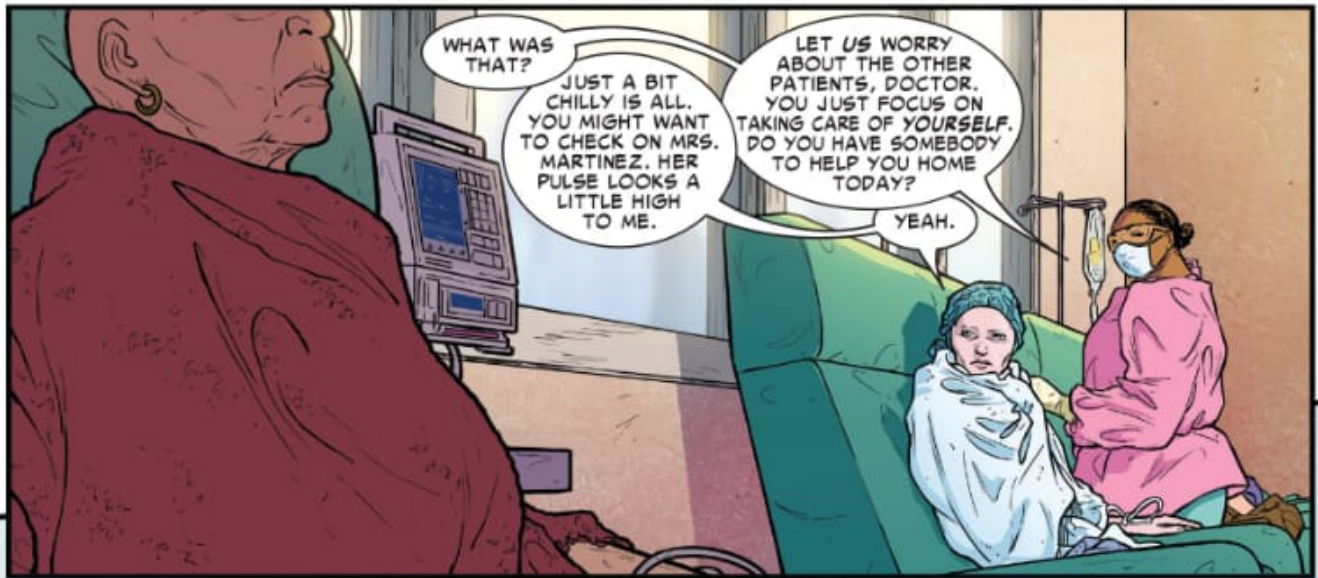
AND BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, I'M ALSO THE
MIGHTY THOR.

THOUGH RIGHT NOW
I'M NOT FEELING
PARTICULARLY MIGHTY.

RIGHT NOW I'M
JUST TRYING
NOT TO DIE.







THANKS, JON.
THIS IS WEATHERNAUT
CHRISTINE SOHN COMING TO
YOU LIVE FROM THE ROXX NEWS
STORM-TRACKING SPACE
STATION, CURRENTLY
249 MILES ABOVE
EASTERN EUROPE.

LOOKS LIKE
THUNDERSTORMS
OVER LATVERIA AND
A NASTY COLD FRONT
BLOWING THROUGH
THE BALKANS.



BUT THOSE OF
YOU IN THE GREAT
KINGDOM OF SYMKARIA CAN
LOOK FORWARD TO **SUNNY**
SKIES, THANKS TO YOUR
GOVERNMENT'S ENROLLMENT
IN THE **ROXXON**
METEOROLOGICAL
EMBETTERMENT
PROGRAM.

ROXX NEWS:
WHERE WE DON'T
JUST WATCH THE
WEATHER, WE MAKE
IT BETTER.



SO IF YOU'RE
WATCHING US FROM
SYMKARIA AND YOU'D LIKE
YOUR SKIES TREATED WITH
CLOUD DISPERSION ROCKETS
FOR MAXIMUM SUNLIGHT,
TEXT ONE ON YOUR
ROXXPHONE NOW.

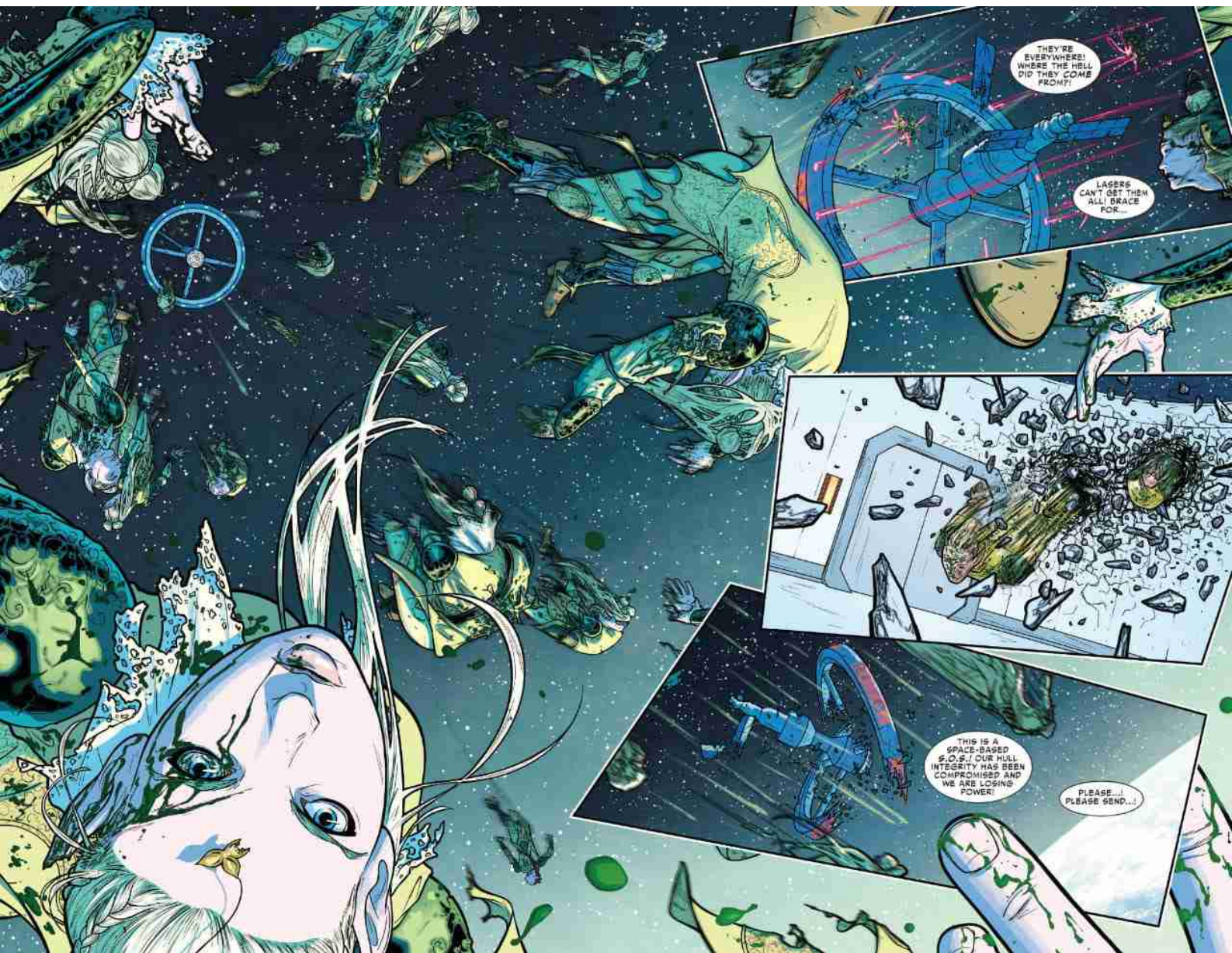
GERMANY
JUST ORDERED UP
A HAILSTORM FOR
THE NETHERLANDS.
MUST'VE BEEN QUITE
A SOCCER GAME
LAST NIGHT.

LET'S PRIME
THE SILVER IODIDE
BOMBS AND...



WUGGH!!!





THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! WHERE THE HELL DID THEY COME FROM?!

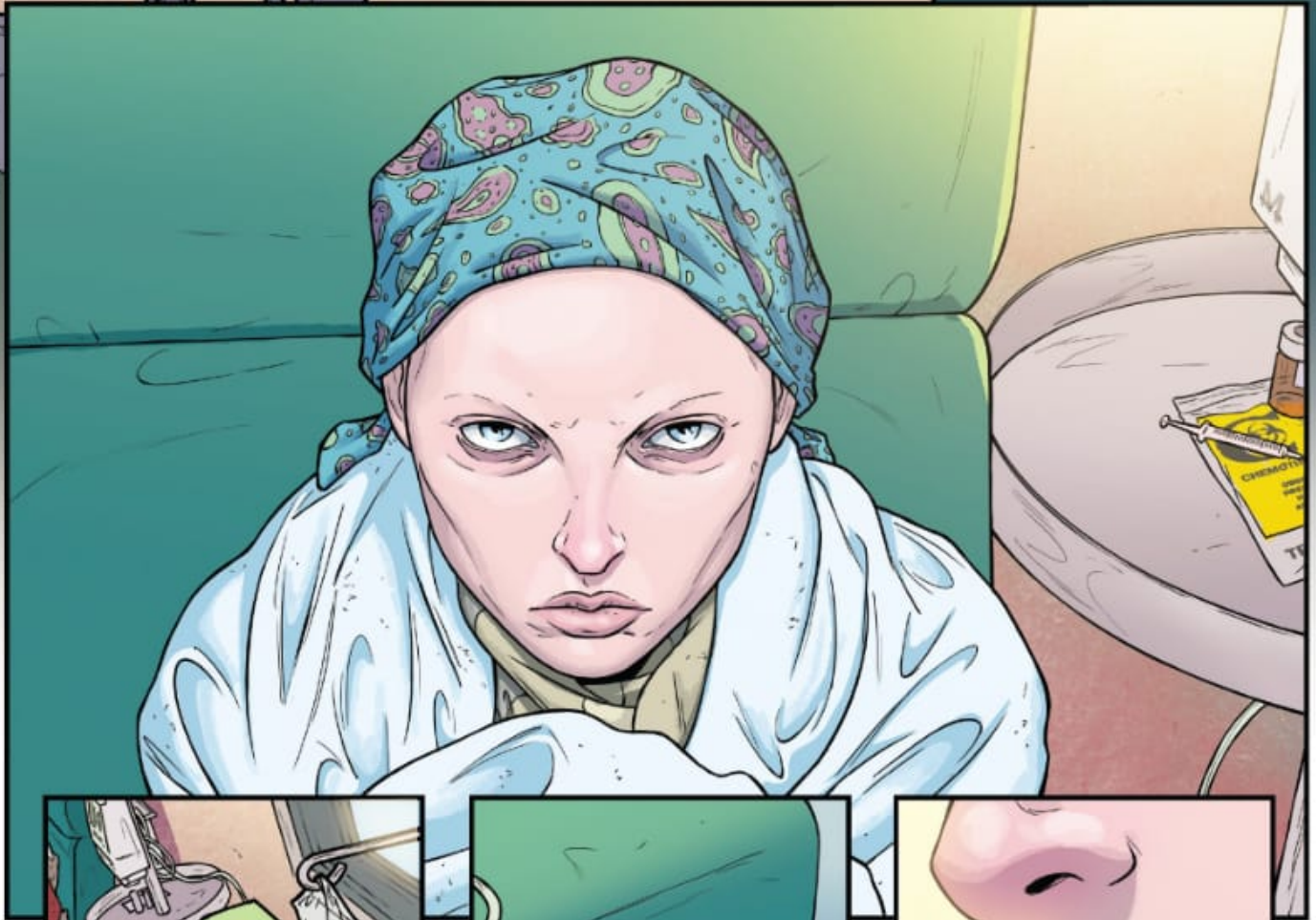
LAGERS CAN'T GET THEM ALL! DRACE FOR...

THIS IS A SPACE-BASED S.O.S./ OUR HULL INTEGRITY HAS BEEN COMPROMISED AND WE ARE LOSING POWER!

PLEASE... PLEASE SEND...

AH, APOLOGIES
TO OUR VIEWERS,
BUT IT APPEARS OUR
WEATHER STATION IS
EXPERIENCING SOME
MINOR TECHNICAL
DIFFICULTIES.

LET'S GO
INSTEAD TO THE
ROXXOR BEER
HOLOGRAPHIC
MAN-HUB FOR THE
ROXX AND JOCKS
SPORTS REPORT.



WELL.
MAYBE
NEXT TIME.



MJOLNIR.

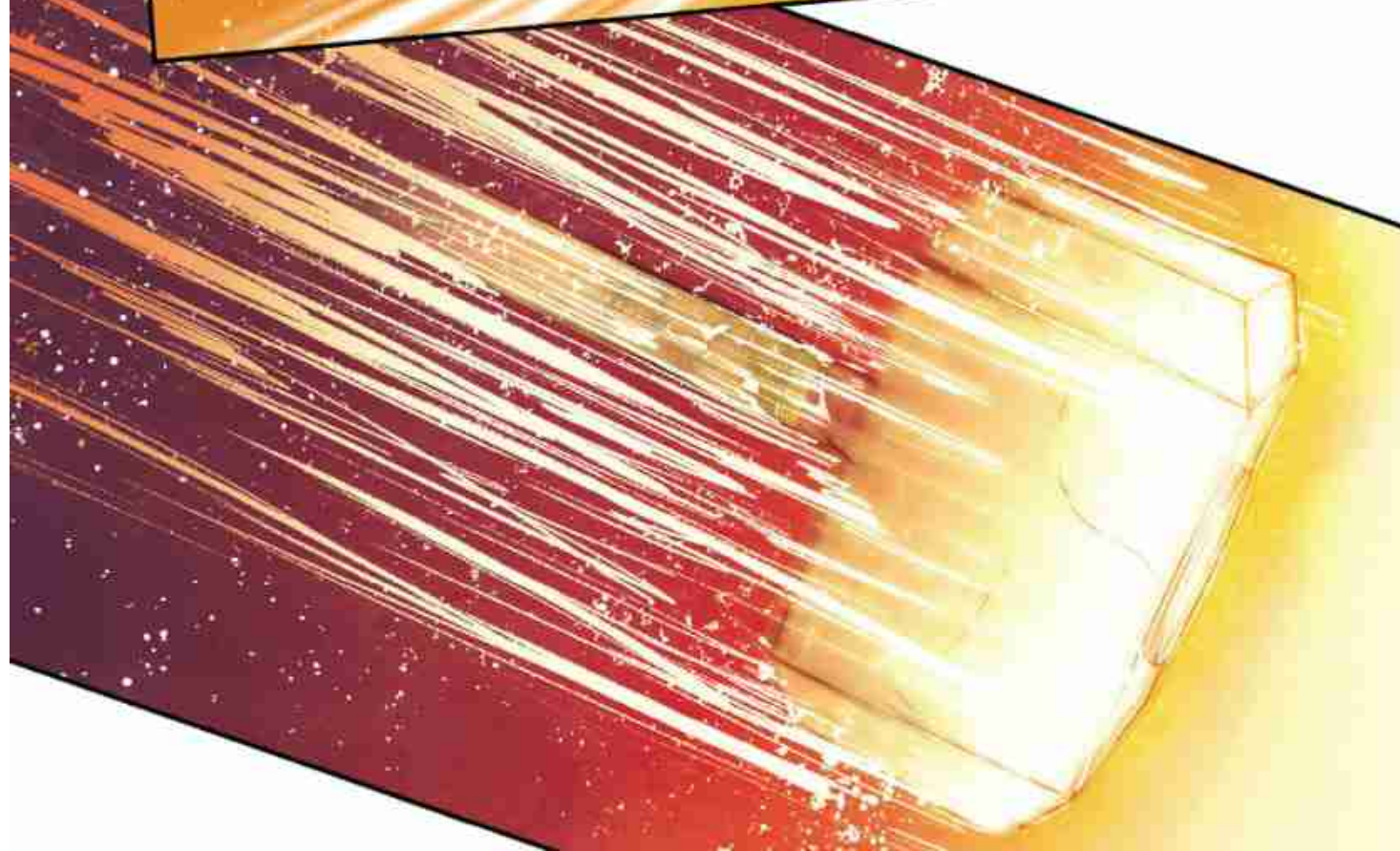


ROXXON
COMMAND, COME IN!
WE HAVE LOST POWER
AND ARE DEORBITING!
WE NEED EMERGENCY
EVACUATION! CAN
ANYBODY DOWN
THERE HEAR ME?!

HEY, IT'S
NOT OVER YET!
SCANNERS SHOW
SOMETHING ELSE
COMING THIS
WAY! FAST!



THOSE
SPEEDS CAN'T
BE RIGHT. WHAT
THE HELL CAN
POSSIBLY MOVE
THAT FAST?!











THY CLAVICLE IS FRACTURED. TRY NOT TO MOVE. S.H.I.E.L.D. MEDICS WILL BE WITH THEE SHORTLY.

USE THIS TIME TO REFLECT ON WHY ONE SHOULD NEVER WORK FOR ROXXON.

ELVES. THERE WERE ELVES IN SPACE.

NICE WORK, THOR.

DOCTOR STRANGE SAYS HE DETECTED SOME SORT OF MAGICAL DISCHARGE IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE RIGHT BEFORE THE STATION FELL. ANY IDEA WHAT CAUSED IT?

AYE.

OKAY THEN. NICE CHAT.

TELL ME YOU DIDN'T JUST ASK HER OUT AGAIN.

IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE THE BASTARD POPPED HIS HEAD UP FROM HIS SWAMPS IN SVARTALFHEIM. BUT I KNOW THE STENCH OF DARK ELF WIZARDRY WHEN I SMELL IT.



WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S HAPPENING HERE, ONE THING IS FOR CERTAIN...



MALEKITH THE
ACCURSED IS
THE ELF TO
BLAME.

THESE ARE LIGHT ELVES
OF ALFHEIM. PEACEFUL
CREATURES. BUT THEY ALL
BEAR BATTLE WOUNDS.

I'D SAY MOST WERE
DEAD BEFORE THEY
WERE DUMPED HERE.

SO MAYBE IT'S TRUE.
MAYBE MY WORST
FEARS HAVE BEEN
REALIZED AFTER ALL.

IF THIS REALLY IS
THE BEGINNING OF
SOME KIND OF...

...WAR OF THE
REALMS...

...THEN IT LOOKS LIKE
THE GOOD GUYS ARE
ALREADY LOSING.



I SPENT ALL MORNING IN THE HOSPITAL INJECTING POISON INTO MY BODY, ON PURPOSE.

TOXIC CHEMICALS DESIGNED TO KILL THE CANCER CELLS GROWING INSIDE ME.

BUT AS SOON AS I PICKED UP THE HAMMER... THAT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING.



THE TRANSFORMATION NEUTRALIZES THE EFFECTS OF THE CHEMOTHERAPY. IT PURGES THE POISON FROM MY BODY.

BUT NOT THE CANCER.



BECAUSE CANCER IS JUST ANOTHER PART OF ME NOW.

UNTIL NEXT TIME, MY FRIEND.

A PART THAT KEEPS GETTING BIGGER...



...AND IS KILLING ME A LITTLE BIT MORE...

...EACH TIME I CHANGE BACK.







IT'S STARTED.
JUST LIKE YOU
FEARED.



MALEKITH
HAS INVADED
ALFHEIM. THE
ELVES ARE
AT WAR.

AS
USUAL, THEY
SAY A LOT, BUT
THEY DO NOTHING.
THEY'RE MORE
AFRAID OF
ODIN.

IF IT'S WAR,
IT WILL NOT STOP
WITH THE ELVES.
WHAT SAY THE
CONGRESS?

THEY FIGURE
IF HE'LL THROW
HIS OWN WIFE IN
JAIL FOR TREASON,
WHAT HOPE DO
THEY HAVE?



THEY'RE NOT
WRONG IN THAT
REGARD. IS MY BLESSED
HUSBAND STILL HOLED
UP IN HIS CASTLE,
HIDING BEHIND THE
DESTROYER?

WE HAVEN'T
SEEN THE ALL-
FATHER IN MONTHS.
NO ONE HAS.

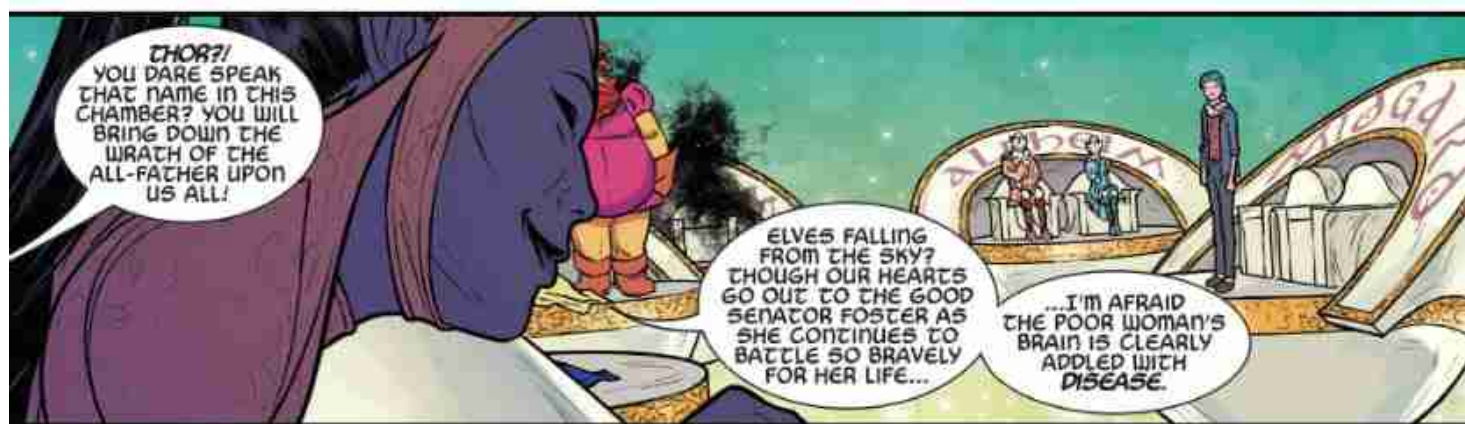
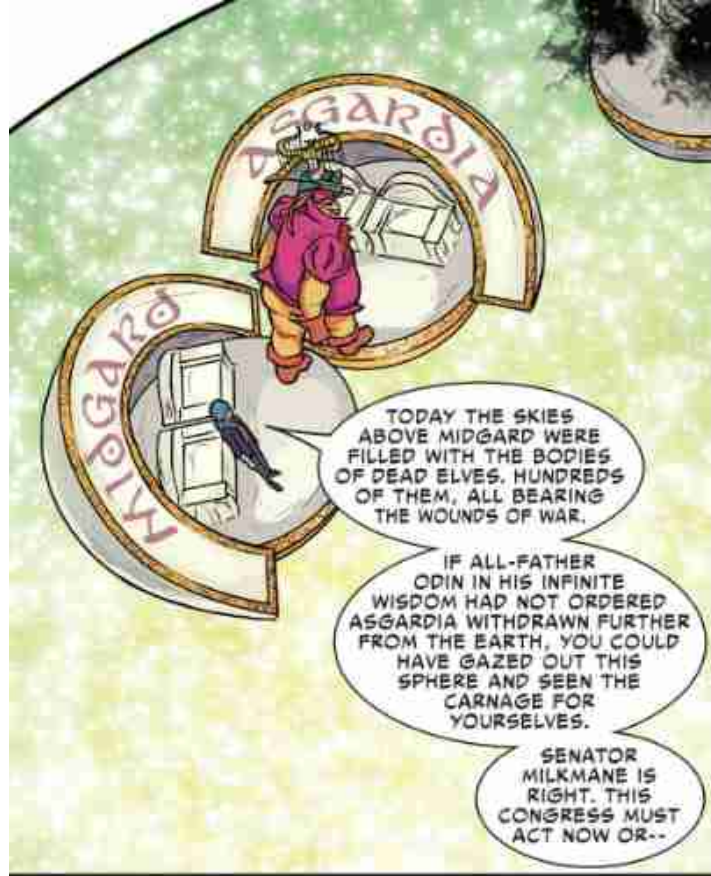
YET YOU
STILL PETITION
HIM EVERY DAY
FOR MY RELEASE,
DO YOU NOT?

YOU SHOULD
STOP.



I DO NOT
IMAGINE MY HUSBAND
WOULD BE SO CRUEL AS
TO ARREST SOMEONE IN
YOUR CONDITION, BUT
THEN, I NEVER IMAGINED
HE WOULD ARREST
ME EITHER.

SAY THE
WORD, LADY
FREYJA, AND
YOU WILL BE
FREE, YOU
KNOW THAT.





ASGARDIA.
CITY OF THE GODS.

"EVERY TIME I RETURN HERE,
IT SADDENS MY HEART A LITTLE
MORE. I DID NOT THINK I WOULD
EVER SAY THAT ABOUT THE
REALM ETERNAL. BUT ALAS..."



"NOW PLEASE, MY LADY JANE, GET THEE TO A BED. YOU'VE DONE TOO MUCH ALREADY."

"YOU NEED YOUR *REST*."





SIF HAS A BAND OF WARRIORS STANDING BY. THOR WOULD BE AMONG THEM. I KNOW SHE WOULD.

AND...WHAT OF THE OTHER THOR? WHAT OF MY SON?



I'M SORRY, ALL-MOTHER, BUT...THERE'S STILL NO WORD.

HOGUN AND FANDRAL HAVE SEARCHED THE GALAXY FAR AND WIDE, BUT...

WHEREVER HE'S GONE...THE PRINCE OF ASGARD DOES NOT WISH TO BE FOUND.



ALL-MOTHER?

PLEASE, LET US GET YOU OUT OF HERE.



THERE IS ALREADY WAR ABROAD. I WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR STARTING ONE HERE.

MY HUSBAND'S DAY OF RECKONING WILL COME, BUT NOT YET.



TELL THOR... THOUGH ASGARD MAY BE WOUNDED, IT'S THE ELVES WHO ARE DYING.

HER DUTY LIES IN ALFHEIM.



YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME HERE.

I HAVE NEED OF THE BIFROST!



I'M AFRAID I MUST SAY THEE NAY. I SERVE ONLY THE WILL OF THE ALL-FATHER.

THE ALL-FATHER HAS GONE MAD.



YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST THOR TO STAND BEFORE ME AND SAY SUCH THINGS. I WILL TELL YOU WHAT I TOLD THE OTHER:

YOUR WORDS DO NOT CHANGE MY OATH.

YOUR EYES SEE ALL, NOBLE HEIMDALL. SO YOU KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING IN ALFHEIM.



AYE. ELVES ARE DYING.

THEN YOU SEE WHY I MUST GO THERE.

I SEE WHY YOU FEEL THAT YOU MUST.

AND YET... YOU STILL PLAN ON STOPPING ME.

NO, MY LADY.

THEY DO.



AT
LAST.

I KNEW
YOU WOULD SHOW
YOUR FACE HERE
SOONER OR LATER,
YOU THIEVING
WENCH!

AS MINISTER
OF JUSTICE, I, **CUL
BORSON**, DO HEREBY
CHARGE YOU WITH
UNHOLY CRIMES
AGAINST THE
REALM ETERNAL!

**THUNDER
GUARD!** ARREST
HER!



AND BE
NOT GENTLE
ABOUT IT.

THE YAWNING VOID.

"IT HAS *BEGUN*.
JUST AS I
PROMISED."



AS WE SPEAK,
THE ELVES OF ALFHEIM
ARE BLEEDING AND BURNING.
PARENTS ARE BURYING
THEIR CHILDREN. INFANTS
CRY FOR MOTHERS WHO
WILL NEVER COME.

SHALL WE
DRINK A TOAST,
MY FRIENDS?

TO THE
PLEASURES OF
WAR.



PARDON ME IF
I'M NOT IN THE
MOOD, BUT I DON'T
TAKE MUCH PLEASURE
FROM THE *LOSSES*
I'VE SUFFERED
TODAY.

NAMELY,
*TWO HUNDRED
BILLION DOLLARS'*
WORTH OF
LOSSES.



YOUR LITTLE
STUNT WITH THE FALLING
ELVES *DESTROYED* MY
WEATHER SATELLITE, MALEKITH.
I DON'T REMEMBER THAT
BEING PART OF
THE PLAN.

AND HOW
MUCH *OIL* DID YOUR
ROXXON WELLS PUMP
OUT OF SVARTALFHEIM
TODAY, *DARIO AGGER*?
HOW MANY PRECIOUS
RESOURCES WILL YOU
PLUNDER FROM ALFHEIM
ONCE WE'VE
CONQUERED IT?

ENOUGH
TO BUY YOURSELF
AN ENTIRE *FLEET* OF
SHINY METAL SPACE
CHARIOTS.



DUMPING HUNDREDS
OF BODIES INTO THE
SKIES OF ANOTHER REALM
WAS BOUND TO RESULT IN
SOME...COLLATERAL
DAMAGE. BUT WE ALL
AGREED IT WAS A
NECESSARY STEP.

THOR WILL
COME TO US
NOW. THE QUESTION
BEFORE US TODAY
IS...HOW WOULD THIS
COUNCIL LIKE TO
GREET HER?



I OFFER
FORTH A POSSIBLE
ANSWER.

ONE HAS COME
BEFORE US TODAY,
SEEKING ADMITTANCE
TO OUR **DARK**
COUNCIL.

I BELIEVE
YOU ARE ALL
FAMILIAR WITH
HIS RESUME.



ULIK,
KING OF THE
TROLLS, WHAT
SAY YOU?

AND WHAT
OF OUR NEW
FRIENDS FROM
MUSPELHEIM?

ALL GODS WILL
BURN WHEN THE
QUEEN OF CINDERS
RISES FROM HER
THRONE OF FIRE.

HEH. SURE.
IF WE'RE LUCKY,
THEY'LL KILL
EACH OTHER.



I'LL TAKE
THAT AS A
MAYBE.

AND WHAT
ABOUT THE
KING OF THE
GIANTS?

YOUR
VOTE CARRIES
MORE WEIGHT
THAN OTHERS...
FOR OBVIOUS
REASONS.



LAUFY
SAYS NAY. THIS
ONE CANNOT
BE TRUSTED.

VERY TRUE.
BUT WHAT IF WE
WERE TO CONSIDER
THIS A TRIAL OF
SORTS?



IF **LOKI** WISHES
TO JOIN THE DARK
COUNCIL, ALL HE
MUST DO...

...IS **MURDER
CHOR.**

WHAT SAY
YOU TO THAT,
GOD OF LIES?

I SAY...

IT FEELS
GOOD TO BE
BAD AGAIN.



THE WAR OF THE ELVES



JOTUNHEIM. LAND OF THE GIANTS.

MY DAD WAS
A PLUMBER.

AFTER MY MOM DIED, HE WORKED
TWO JOBS TO PUT ME THROUGH
MEDICAL SCHOOL. IN MOST OF
MY MEMORIES OF HIM, HE'S
UTTERLY EXHAUSTED.

BUT HE NEVER MISSED A SOFTBALL
GAME. NEVER FORGOT A BIRTHDAY.
NEVER FAILED TO ENCOURAGE ME
THAT I COULD DO ANY CRAZY
THING I SET MY MIND TO.

IF ONLY SOME OF THE GODS I
KNOW HAD BEEN BORN WITH
FATHERS A BIT MORE LIKE
MINE... I THINK MY JOB AS
THOR WOULD BE A HELL OF
A LOT EASIER.

AH, HERE
WE ARE AT
LAST--

--READY TO
SHARE SOME LONG
OVERDUE FATHER-SON
BONDING TIME. WHAT DID
YOU SAY THIS PLACE
WAS CALLED AGAIN,
FATHER LAUFEEY
DEAR?

BLOODCICLE
CANYON.

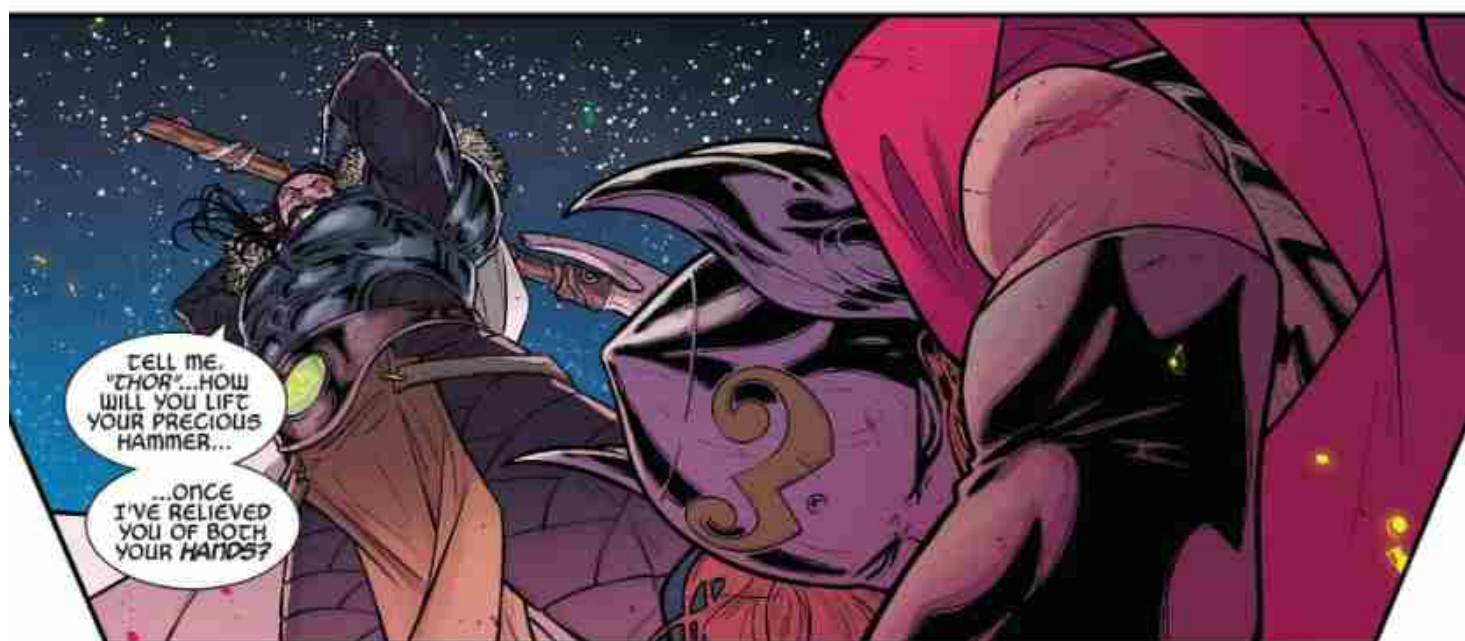
AH,
YES, SOUNDS
PERFECT.

TERFIRE
LEANO

SNOWSTONE

FROZEN
FOREST















WE HAVE RATHER
A LOT TO CATCH UP ON.
DON'T WE? SO...WHAT WAS
IT LIKE BEING DEAD MY
ENTIRE ADULT LIFE?

DID YOU KNOW
THAT I MISSED
YOU SO MUCH, I ONCE
TRAVELED BACK IN
TIME JUST TO
SEE YOU?

TO KILL ME.
YOU MEAN. TO
BLUDGEON ME TO
DEATH WHILE I LAY
WOUNDED ON THE
BATTLEFIELD.

AND THAT MIGHT
HAVE BEEN ENOUGH
TO EARN MY RESPECT,
LOKI, IF YOU HAD STRUCK
ME DOWN IN ORDER TO
SEIZE MY CROWN, AS
ANY TRUE FROST
GIANT WOULD
HAVE DONE.

BUT INSTEAD
YOU KILLED ME
OUT OF PETTY ANGER.
BECAUSE YOU WERE
TOO WEAK TO EVER
BE MY SON.



AND FROM
WHAT I SEE BEFORE ME
NOW, I'D SAY YOUR TIME
AMONG THE ASGARDIANS
HAS ONLY MADE YOU
WEAKER.

I AM TOLD BY
SOME THAT YOU
HAVE BEEN A FORCE
OF GREAT EVIL WHILE
I'VE BEEN AWAY. BUT WHEN
I LOOK IN YOUR TINY
LITTLE EYES...I SEE
MORE MISCHIEF
THAN MURDER.

I REMEMBER
TEACHING YOU MANY
LESSONS IN OUR SHORT
TIME TOGETHER, BOY. BUT
MISCHIEF AND TRICKERY
WERE NOT AMONG THEM.
THOSE ARE NOT THE
WAYS OF THE
FROST GIANT.



YOU SEEM TO
BE FORGETTING,
FATHER. 'T WAS THE
WAYS OF THE FROST
GIANT THAT LEFT
YOU LYING ON THAT
BATTLEFIELD AT
ODIN'S FEET.

WHILE IT
WAS MALEKITH'S
MISCHIEF AND
TRICKERY THAT
BROUGHT YOU
BACK.



WHAT
WAS THAT YOU
SAID, LITTLE
GNAT?

I SAID, I
WELCOME THE
CHANCE TO PROVE
MYSELF TO YOU,
FATHER. HOW
MAY I DO SO?





THIS...
IS TREASON
MOST FOUL.

HEIMDALL THE
ALL-SEEING, SON
OF NINE MOTHERS,
AS MINISTER OF
JUSTICE I HEREBY
COMMAND YOU TO
LOWER YOUR--



JUST TAKE
ME TO MY CELL,
SERPENT.



I FIGURE
IT'S BEST I
GET ONE
NOW...

...BEFORE
THE GOOD
ONES ARE ALL
FILLED.



HEIMDALL WAS RIGHT.
THE THUNDER GUARD
WILL HAVE TO WAIT.

MY DUTY IS NOT
IN ASGARDIA...



BUT IN ALPHEIM

WHERE RAGES THE WAR OF THE ELVES

OH MY GOD

EAST TO THE VALLEY OF THE MOON ELVES

NO SURRENDER!
WE FIGHT TO THE
LAST ELF!

WE FIGHT
FOR THE
QUEEN!



THIS
WAR ENDS
NOW!





THE BATTLE
GOES WELL,
MY LORD.



THE GARDENS
OF THE FAY ARE
IN FLAMES. THE
QUEEN'S ROAD RUNS
RED WITH LIGHT
ELF BLOOD.

THE MARCH
OF THE SWAMP
MAMMOTHS CANNOT
BE STOPPED. OUR
NECRO-TROOPS WILL
BE IN LJOSALFGARD
BY NIGHTFALL.



COME MORNING,
QUEEN AELSA WILL
EITHER BE KNEELING
OR BREATHING HER
LAST. MALEKITH THE
ACCURSED WILL BE
KING OF ALL
THE ELVES.

OH, I LIKE
THE SOUND
OF THAT.



AND WHAT OF
OUR WELCOMING
PARTY, MY DEAR WAR
WITCHES? ANY WORD
FROM THE JOVIAL
LORD OF
JOTUNHEIM?

NO, MY
KING. PERHAPS
IF WE--

FROST
GIANTS AND
WITHERED OLD
WITCHES. YOU
SHOULD KNOW
BY NOW,
MALEKITH...

...WHEN
YOU WISH
TO ENSNARE
A GOD...

...BEST SEND
AN **ENCHANTRESS**
TO DO THE JOB.

YOUR TIME
WILL COME, MY
DEAR AMORA. I
PROMISE YOU.

I GROW **WEARY**
OF YOUR PROMISES,
ELF. SINCE I'VE JOINED
YOUR **DARK COUNCIL**,
YOU'VE YET TO DELIVER
ON A SINGLE ONE
OF THEM.

AS I'VE TOLD
YOU, THE ODINSON
WILL BE YOURS. I
ALREADY TOOK HIS
ARM. I HAVE LITTLE
INTEREST IN THE
REST OF HIM.

AS YOU TOOK
HIS ARM, ALLOW
ME TO TAKE THE
HEAD OF THIS
PRETENDER.

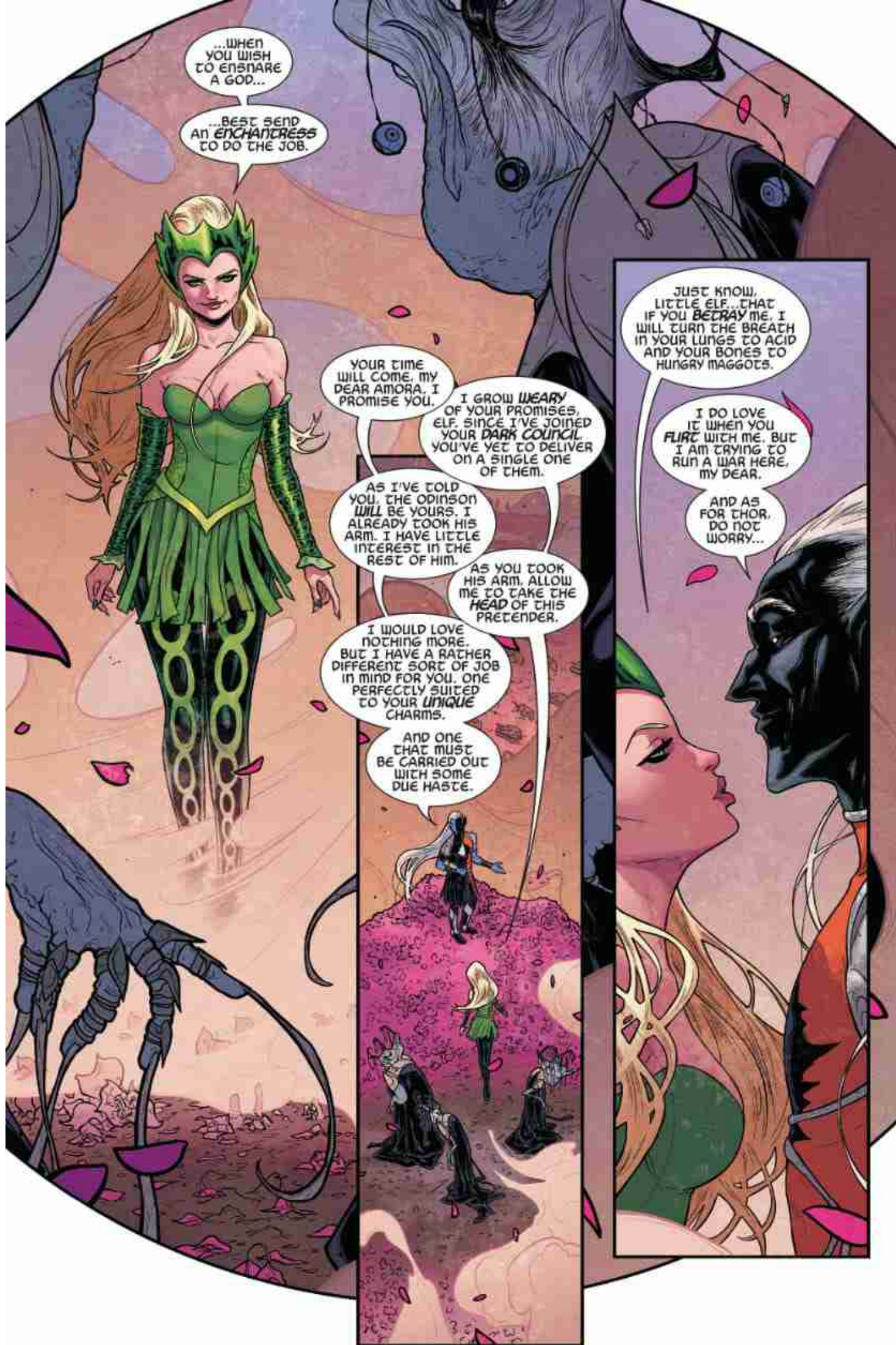
I WOULD LOVE
NOTHING MORE.
BUT I HAVE A RATHER
DIFFERENT SORT OF JOB
IN MIND FOR YOU. ONE
PERFECTLY SUITED
TO YOUR **UNIQUE**
CHARMS.

AND ONE
THAT MUST
BE CARRIED OUT
WITH SOME
DUE HASTE.

JUST KNOW,
LITTLE ELF... THAT
IF YOU **BETRAY** ME, I
WILL TURN THE BREATH
IN YOUR LUNGS TO ACID
AND YOUR BONES TO
HUNGRY MAGGOTS.

I DO LOVE
IT WHEN YOU
FLIRT WITH ME. BUT
I AM TRYING TO
RUN A WAR HERE,
MY DEAR.

AND AS
FOR THOR,
DO NOT
WORRY...



"...WE HAVE BIG PLANS FOR HER."

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE.

THIS IS IT, RIGHT?

PLEASE TELL ME THIS IS IT.

THIS IS THE MOMENT WE FINALLY HUG IT OUT?

FATHER? IS SOMETHING WRONG? YOU ACT ALMOST AS IF YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING TO SEE ME.

I CHOSE THOSE FIVE MYSELF. THEY WERE BLIZZARDS MADE FLESH.

ANY ONE OF THEM COULD HAVE SLAIN AN ENTIRE ARMY OF GODLINGS. YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU FELLED THEM ALL?

OH, I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE IT MYSELF.

NOT EXACTLY.

I TORE OFF MY EARS BUT I CAN STILL HEAR HIS VOICE!!! WHY CAN'T I MAKE IT STOP?!

I NEVER LAID A HAND ON THEM, FATHER.

I JUST *SPOKE* WITH THEM FOR A BIT, WAS ALL. AND THEN FOR SOME REASON, THEY DECIDED TO HURT THEMSELVES AND EACH OTHER.

APPARENTLY THEY DIDN'T LIKE WHAT I HAD TO SAY.





 **ALFHEIM.**

MY TROOPS
ARE MARCHING
ON THE GATES OF
LJOSALFGARD, THE
LIGHT ELF CAPITAL.
MY *WAR WITCHES*
TELL ME IT WON'T
BE LONG NOW.

ALFHEIM WILL
FALL JUST THE FIRST
OF MANY CASUALTIES
IN THIS WAR OF REALMS.
I'M SO GLAD THE KING
OF THE GIANTS COULD
BE HERE TO WATCH
IT HAPPEN.

LAUFEY
WASN'T MADE
TO WATCH WARS.
HE WAS MADE
TO FIGHT
THEM.

I CARE
NOT ABOUT THE
KINGDOM OF THE
ELVES. IT'S ASGARD
I WANT TO SEE
IN RUINS.

IN
TIME, MY
FRIEND.

SO THE
TEST WENT WELL,
I HEAR?

I UNDERSTAND
LOKI PROVED HIMSELF
TO YOUR SATISFACTION.
HE WILL MAKE A FINE
ADDITION TO OUR
COUNCIL.

WE WOULD BE
FOOLS TO COMPLETELY
TRUST HIM, OF COURSE.
BUT I MUST SAY, IN THE
MIDST OF THESE TRYING
TIMES, IT DOES MY HEART
GOOD TO SEE A FATHER
AND SON SO HAPPILY
REUNITED.

SON?
THAT THING
IS NO SON
OF MINE.

HE IS AND WILL
ALWAYS BE...AN
ABOMINATION. A
WALKING AFFRONT
TO MY NAME
AND LEGACY.

AYE, WE WILL
USE HIM TO STRIKE
AT THIS SO-CALLED
GODDESS OF THUNDER.
BUT REGARDLESS OF HOW
THAT CONFRONTATION
GOES, I PROMISE
YOU THIS...

"...NEITHER THOR NOR
LOKI ARE LEAVING
ALFHEIM ALIVE."

WE'VE LOST
THE ROAD. WE'VE
LOST OUR CAVALRY.
WE'VE LOST ALL
HOPE.

WE CANNOT
HOLD THE CITY.
NOT AGAINST
WHAT IS
COMING.

GET THE
WOUNDED INSIDE.
I PROMISE. NONE
SHALL PASS
WHILE I LIVE.

HA HA
HAA.

AND HOW
LONG DO YOU
THINK THAT
WILL BE?

THE WAR IS LOST.
BUT NOT EVEN YOUR
UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER
WILL STOP MALEKITH FROM
SLAUGHTERING EVERY
LAST LIGHT ELF
HE CAN FIND.

THOUGH
PERHAPS THERE'S
STILL A CHANCE TO
SAVE THE LIVES OF
THOSE POOR SOULS
INSIDE. AND OUR
OWN LIVES TOO,
OF COURSE.

BECAUSE,
BELIEVE ME, WE
ARE BOTH IN GRAVE
DANGER. MOSTLY YOU.
THOUGH I'M ADMITTEDLY
MORE CONCERNED
ABOUT ME.

OH NO,
NOT HIM.
THIS DAY JUST
KEEPS GETTING
BETTER.

THAT'S FAR
ENOUGH. WHAT
BUSINESS HAVE
YOU HERE?

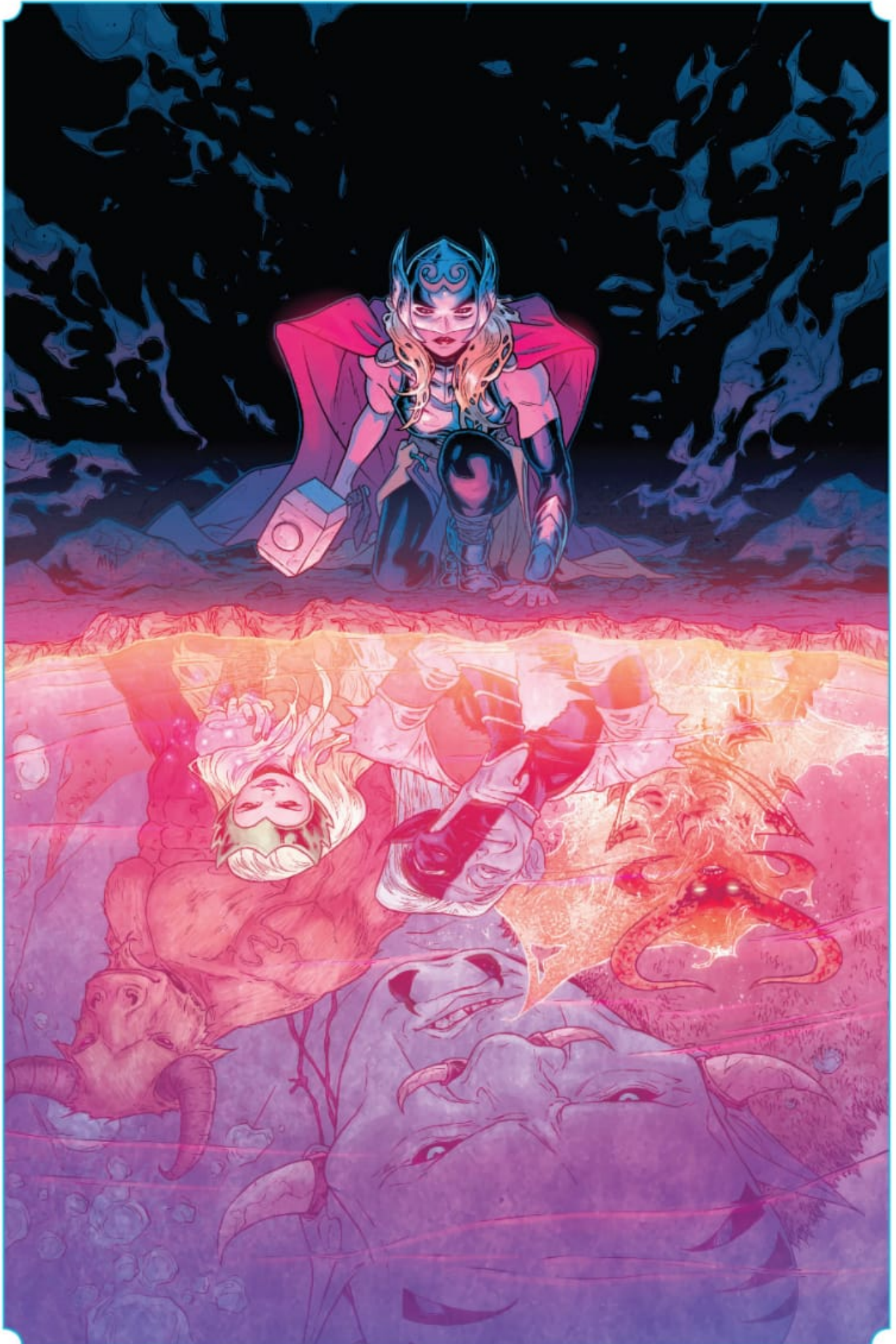
RELAX. I
COME IN PEACE.
I ASSURE YOU,
MY LADY.



I ONLY
WANT TO
TALK.

MY DAD ALWAYS SAID, IF A MAN
CAN'T EVEN SMILE WITHOUT
MAKING YOU UNEASY, THEN
IT'S A GOOD BET THAT MAN
IS ROTTEN TO THE CORE.

OH DAD, YOU HAVE
NO IDEA HOW RIGHT
YOU WERE.



THE SAGA OF THOR AND LOKI

 **ALFHEIM,**
LAND OF THE
LIGHT ELVES.

HOW ABOUT
A *CHAT*? JUST
YOU AND ME.

NO
TRICKS. I
SWEAR.

DO YOU
TRULY EXPECT
ME TO BELIEVE
THAT, LOKI, COMING
FROM THE LIVES
OF YOU?

I DO,
ACTUALLY. YOU
MORE THAN ANYONE
SHOULD APPRECIATE THE
POWER OF CHANGE. MY
LADY, AND THE SCUBBORN
RESISTANCE SOME
PEOPLE CAN HAVE
TO IT.

ASGARD
STANDS ON THE
BRINK OF *CIVIL WAR*,
IN PART BECAUSE
YOU HOLD THAT
HAMMER.

ASGARD
STANDS ON THE
BRINK OF
CIVIL WAR FOR
ONE REASON
ONLY:

ODIN.

BELIEVE ME,
I WAS DRIVING THE
ALL-FATHER MAD LONG
BEFORE YOU EVER
CANOODED YOUR FIRST
THUNDERSTORM.

BUT THAT WAS
THE OLD LOKI. A
DASHING FELLOW, TO BE
SURE. BUT ALAS, HE GOT
A BIT *BORED* ALWAYS
PICKING THE BONES
OF THOSE SAME
WITHERED SAGAS.

AN
ALL-NEW,
ALL-DIFFERENT
THOR DESERVES
AN ALL-NEW,
ALL-DIFFERENT
LOKI.

HELLO.
THAT'S ME.



THOR AND
LOKI. WE ALL
KNOW HOW
THAT STORY
GOES.

LOKI LIES.
LOKI PLAYS CRUEL
THOUGH ADMITTEDLY
CLEVER TRICKS. THOR
HITS LOKI REPEATEDLY
WITH A HAMMER.

HOW MANY
DIFFERENT VERSIONS
OF THAT SAME SCUFFLE
HAVE WE SEEN OVER THE
CENTURIES? MORE THAN I
CARE TO COUNT. YET WHERE
DID THAT CYCLE OF LIES
AND HAMMERS EVER LEAD
US. EXCEPT TO MORE
RAGNAROKS?

I'M FAR
MORE INTERESTED
IN SAILING OUR
COLLECTIVE NARRATIVE
INTO UNCHARTED
WATERS.



YOU'VE ALREADY **DONE** THAT. HAVEN'T YOU?
WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR NOT, YOU'VE
CHANGED MORE THAN JUST THE
WORDS ON THAT HAMMER'S
INSCRIPTION.

YOU'VE
CHANGED THE
LIVES OF **GODS**.
IMPRESSIVE, CONSIDERING
I'M NOT ENTIRELY
SURE YOU EVEN
ARE ONE.

BUT THAT
HASN'T STOPPED
YOU FROM BUILDING YOUR OWN
MYTHOLOGY. HAS IT? LATELY, I'VE
BEEN BUSY DOING THAT AS WELL.

BUT NOW I'M
BACK. AT LONG
LAST, READY TO RESUME
MY TIME-HONORED ROLE
AS THE MOST IMPORTANT
SUPPORTING PLAYER
IN THE LIFE OF THE
MIGHTY THOR!



THOUGH
WITHOUT THE
LIES THIS TIME.
WITHOUT THE
SAME OLD DIRTY
TRICKS.

LIKE YOU, I
WANT TO FORGE
MY OWN DIRECTION.
TO MELD AN OLD
NAME WITH A
STARTLING NEW
IDENTITY.

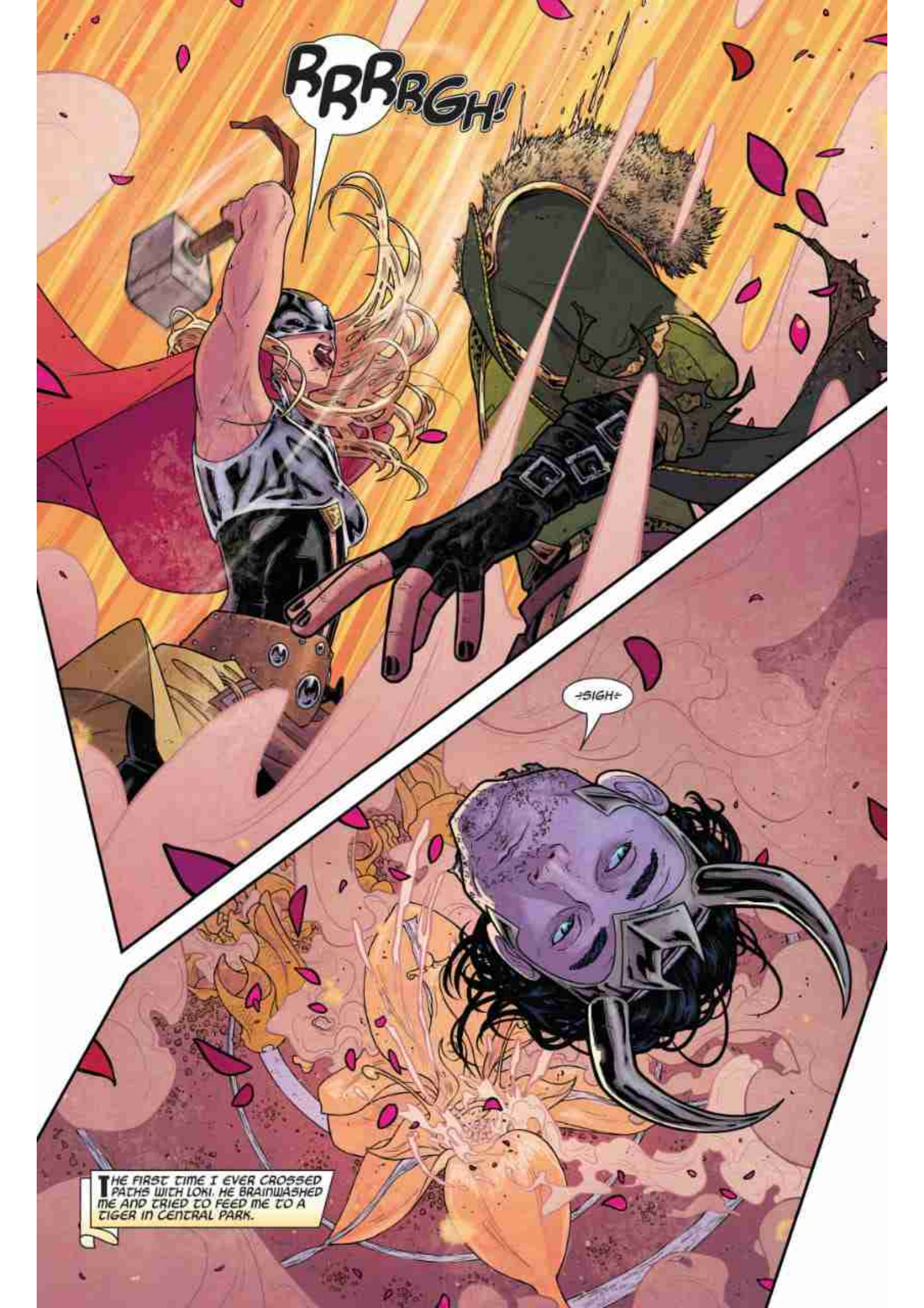
TO SPEAK
FRANKLY...



I WANT TO
BE MORE THAN
JUST THE SUM
OF ALL MY LIES. I
WANT TO HELP
YOU END THIS
WAR.

FOR ONCE,
I'D LIKE TO BE
A **LOKI**...MY **MOTHER**
CAN ACTUALLY BE
PROUD OF.

WHAT DO
YOU SAY, THOR?
DOES THAT SOUND
LIKE SOMETHING
WE CAN--

A comic book panel depicting a dramatic confrontation between Thor and Loki. Thor, on the left, is shown from the waist up, wearing his iconic silver armor and a red cape. He has long, flowing blonde hair and is holding Mjolnir high above his head with his right hand. His expression is one of intense anger or determination. Loki, on the right, is shown from the waist up, wearing his green and black Asgardian armor. He has dark, spiky hair and a mischievous, somewhat sinister expression. He is reaching out with his right hand towards Thor. The background is a vibrant, fiery orange and yellow, suggesting a battle or a dramatic moment. Pink petals or leaves are falling around them. A speech bubble above Thor contains the sound effect 'RRRRGH!'.

RRRRGH!

+SIGH+

THE FIRST TIME I EVER CROSSED
PATHS WITH LOKI, HE BRAINWASHED
ME AND TRIED TO FEED ME TO A
TIGER IN CENTRAL PARK.

YMIR'S FROZEN WHISKERS.

IN THOSE DAYS, HE WAS ALWAYS KIDNAPPING ME TO USE AS A PROP IN HIS SCHEMES AGAINST THOR.

HE TREATED ME AS A PLAYTHING. NEVER CARING IF I LIVED OR DIED.

IF HE KNEW IT WAS JANE FOSTER WHO NOW COMMANDS THE THUNDER, HE'D KNOW NOT TO WASTE HIS WRETCHED BREATH.

THIS IS ONE THOR WHO WILL NEVER TRUST A LOKI.

APPARENTLY YOU'RE NOT THAT DIFFERENT FROM MY BROTHER AFTER ALL.

HE'S ALWAYS BEEN MUCH BETTER AT HITTING PEOPLE THAN LISTENING TO THEM.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID NO TRICKS.

YES, WELL, I'VE LEARNED TO BE RATHER CAUTIOUS WHEN DEALING WITH THOSE OF A THUNDEROUS PERSUASION.

SHALL WE TRY THIS AGAIN? AS I SAID, I ONLY CAME HERE TO...

SORRY! YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK UP!!!



...ONLY CAME
HERE TO TALK
ABOUT HOW WE
CAN END THIS...
THIS...

AGGHH,
DHINK MY
DONGUE IS
ON FWIRE.

THAT DOES
HURT, YOU KNOW.
JUST BECAUSE IT'S
MAGIC DOESN'T
MEAN THEY'RE
NOT A PART
OF ME.

TAKE ALL THE
PARTS OF YOU AND
LEAVE THIS REALM BE.
YOUR LIES WILL NOT
END THE WAR OF
THE ELVES.

"ALL THE
PARTS OF ME."
I WONDER IF YOU
EVEN KNOW
WHAT THAT
MEANS.



I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU
ARE BENEATH THAT
HELMET, BUT I GATHER
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
PLAYING THIS GAME
FOR LONG.

I HAVE FOR
LONGER THAN
THE STARS HAVE
BEEN TWINKLING
IN THE SKY.

I TOLD YOU,
I DON'T WANT
TO FIGHT. I'M TRYING
TO TURN THE OTHER
CHEEK HERE. AS THE
MORTALS ARE FOND
OF SAYING, THOUGH
I WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW...





...JUST
HOW MANY
CHEEKS DO
YOU THINK IT
WILL TAKE?

YOU SAY
YOU DON'T WANT
TO FIGHT. YET
YOU BRING AN
ARMY.

SO BE IT.
I BROUGHT
ONE AS
WELL.

IT'S
NAME IS
MJOLNIR.



AH, IT APPEARS WE'VE TRANSFORMED THOR INTO A SURLY WENCH. A SPLENDID TRICK.

IF SHE'S THOR, WHY ARE WE NOT KILLING HER? OR AT LEAST KIDNAPPING SOMEONE SHE LOVES.

BORING. I THINK IS WHAT YOU MEAN.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.

WE DON'T REALLY DO THAT SORT OF THING ANYMORE.

IT'S CALLED CHARACTER GROWTH. WE'RE OLDER AND WISER NOW. ALSO YOUNGER.



YOU, BOY, ARE A PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A LOKI. A BIT OF SCRUFF ON YOUR CHIN CANNOT HIDE THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE MILK IN YOUR VEINS INSTEAD OF BLOOD AND FIRE.

IF YOU WON'T EVEN BATTLE A THOR, THEN WHAT--

ALWAYS WITH THE BATTLING! I TOLD YOU, I'M SICK TO DEATH OF THE SAME OLD--



HNNGH



YOU'RE RIGHT. NO NEED TO KEEP FIGHTING THE SAME BATTLE OVER AND OVER. BUT YOU ARE FORGETTING...

THERE IS ONE VERSION OF THOR VS. LOKI WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.



IF ANYONE'S
GOING TO MURDER
THIS PRETTY LITTLE
THOR, I BELIEVE
WE CAN ALL
AGREE...

IT
SHOULD BE
ME.

HAHA
HA HA
HAAA!





MAYBE I WAS BETTER
OFF WHEN I WAS BEING
KIDNAPPED.

OH, YOU'RE
JUST RIDDLED
WITH SECRETS.
AREN'T YOU? LIKE A
ROTTING CORPSE,
INFESTED WITH
MAGGOTS.

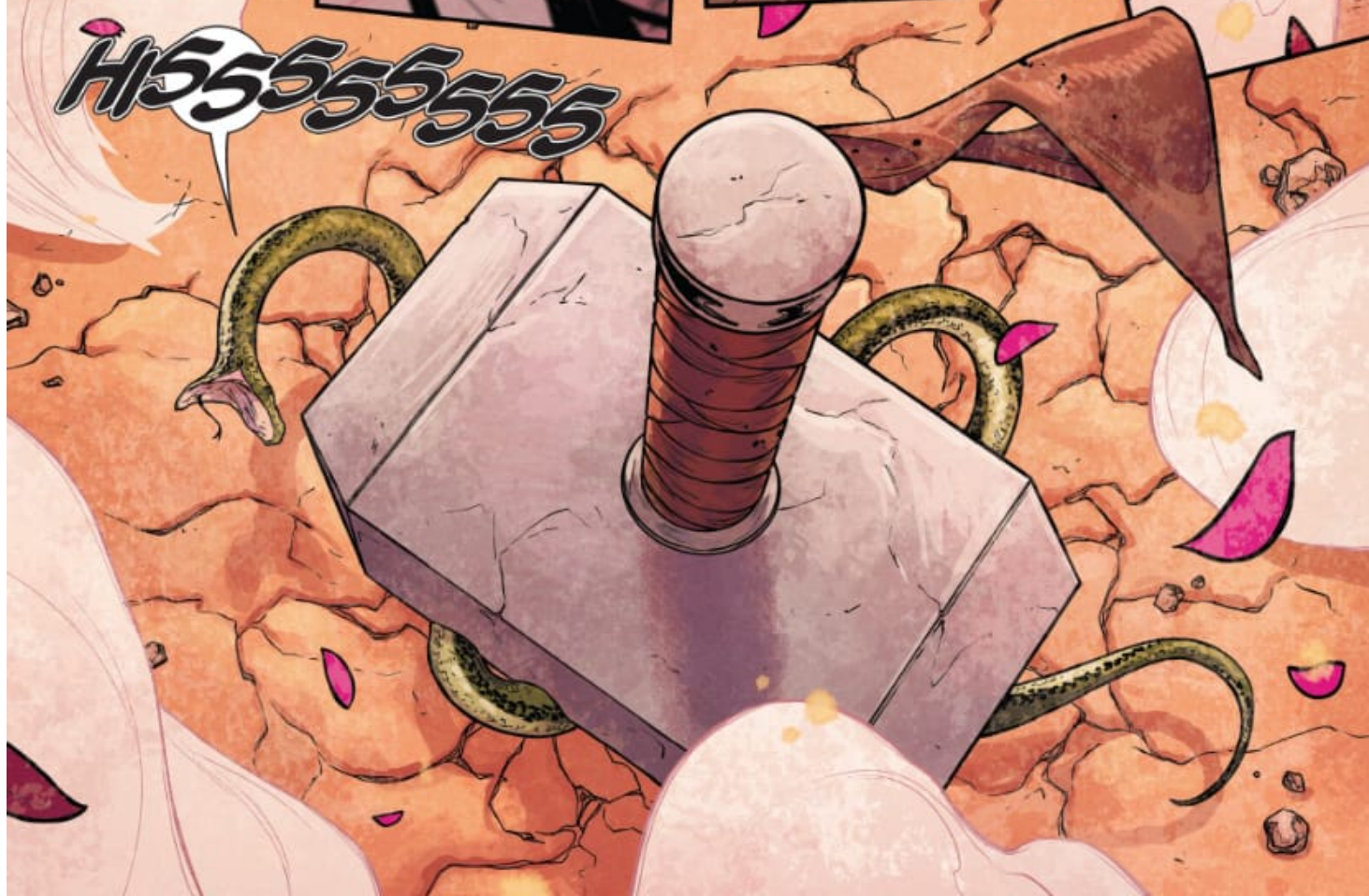
I'M GOING
TO ENJOY
CARVING THEM
OUT OF YOU,
ONE BY ONE.

AND THEN
WATCHING THEM
SQUIRM AND
SHRIVEL IN THE
LIGHT OF DAY.





H155555555





IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE...MY THOUGHTS TURN TO THUNDER.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOREVER, I'M NOT THINKING AT ALL ABOUT CANCER OR CHEMO OR THE PROBLEMS OF POOR, FRAIL JANE FOSTER.



IN THAT MOMENT... I AM THOR. AND NOTHING ELSE.

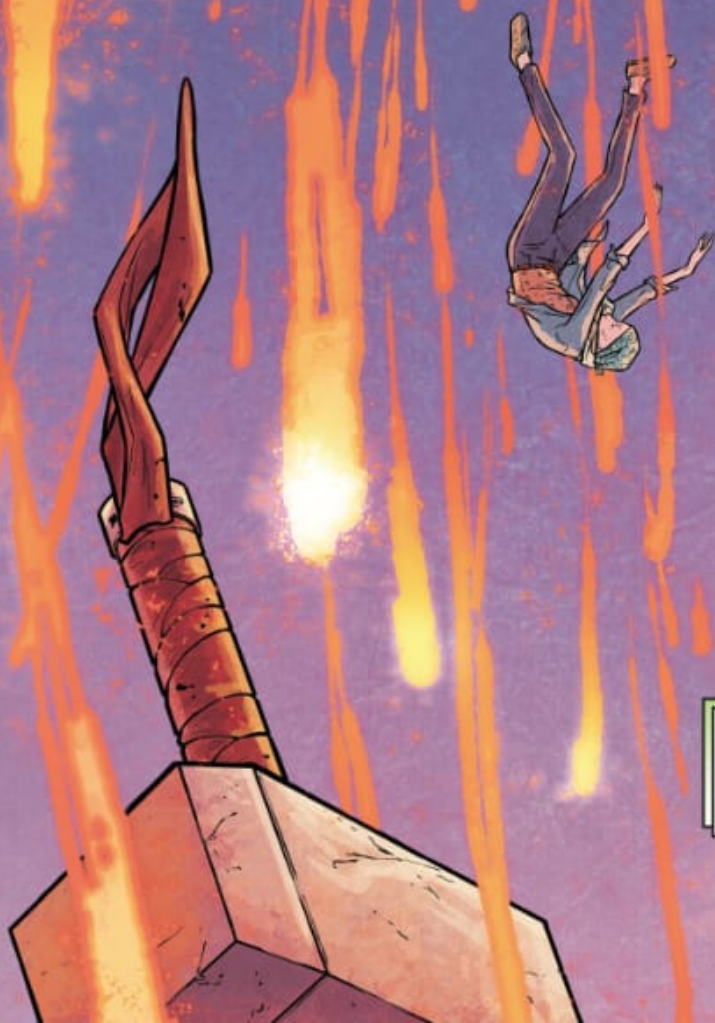
I AM THE GODDESS OF THUNDER, NOW AND--



I'M ONE WITH THE STORM.

WILLING IT TO LIFT THESE BOMBS UP HIGHER AND HIGHER.

AND PRAYING TO ALL THE GODS THAT IT'S ENOUGH.



"...THIS LITTLE WAR IN ALFHEIM IS *NOTHING* COMPARED TO THE ONE THAT'S JUST ABOUT TO EXPLODE...



TYPICAL.

WHILE THE WOMEN DO ALL THE WORK, THE MEN STAND AROUND, PLAYING WITH THEMSELVES.

AFTER I'M DONE WITH YOU, DEAR, PERHAPS I'LL KILL THEM, TOO.

YOU'RE INSANE.

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT WORD MEANS, LITTLE GIRL. BUT DON'T WORRY...



MOTHER LOKI WILL TEACH--

YAAARRGHH!

YOU'LL BE TEACHING YOURSELF TO EAT THROUGH A STRAW, ONCE I BREAK ALL THE BONES IN YOUR FACE, YOU...



WHAT? LET ME--



GAAARRRGHH



WE ALL KNOW HOW YOUR STORY ENDS, LADY THOR. YOU'RE JUST KEEPING THAT MJOLNIR WARM FOR A BIT, AREN'T YOU? SOONER OR LATER, THE ODINSON WILL COME BACK TO RECLAIM HIS HAMMER.

WHY NOT JUST CUT TO THE CHASE AND WRAP THIS LITTLE CHARADE UP GRACEFULLY?

IF YOU WANT TO GO OUT LIKE A REAL THOR, WHAT BETTER WAY... THAN AT THE HANDS OF A LOKI?

DON'T WORRY, I PROMISE TO MAKE IT SLOW AND PAINFUL.



YOU'RE NOT THE REAL LOKI.

YOU'RE NOT THE REAL THOR. WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

I AM SICK OF YOUR TRICKERY.

I'M SICK OF YOUR LIGHTNING. PERHAPS THAT MAKES US EVEN?

MJOLNIR...



END THIS.





AH, BRAVO.



I SUPPOSE YOU CAN TEACH AN OLD HAMMER NEW TRICKS.

FOR YOUR NEXT TRICK, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D MIND... PICKING IT UP?



YOU SAID YOU WISHED TO TALK, SO TALK.

WHY HAVE YOU COME TO ALFHEIM? ARE YOU IN LEAGUE WITH MALEKITH THE ACCURSED? WHAT OTHER FORCES HAVE JOINED HIS CAUSE?

URRGH. YOU'RE RIGHT.



NEVER REALLY WANTED TO TALK. THAT WAS AN EVIL LIE.

GODS, IT FEELS GOOD TO BE DOING THAT AGAIN.

THEN WHY ARE YOU HERE?

WAS SENT TO KILL YOU. BUT REALLY, I WAS ONLY STALLING.



SO THAT WE COULD BOTH DIE TOGETHER.

WHAT IN ALL THE REALMS...?



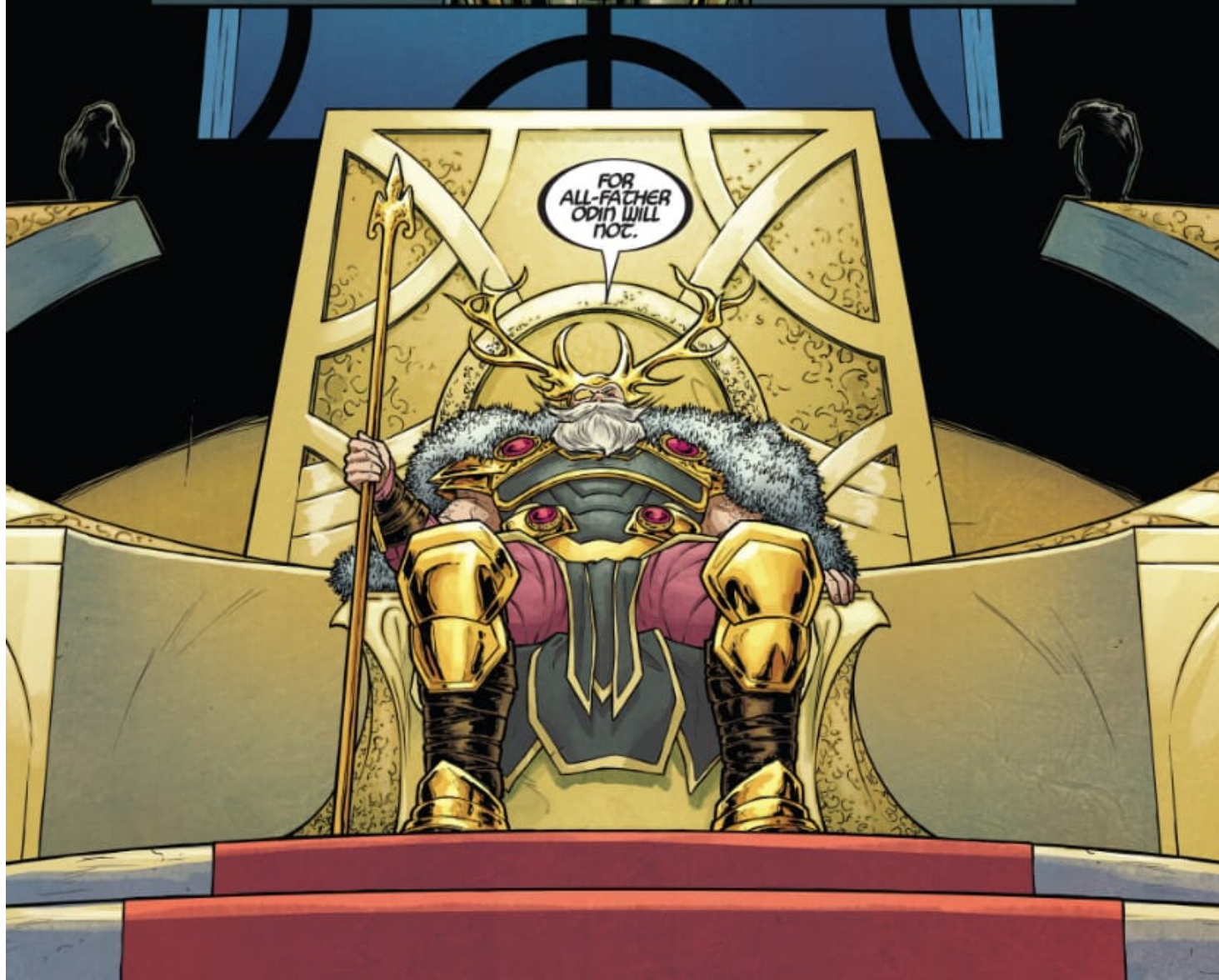
"...IN
ASGARD."

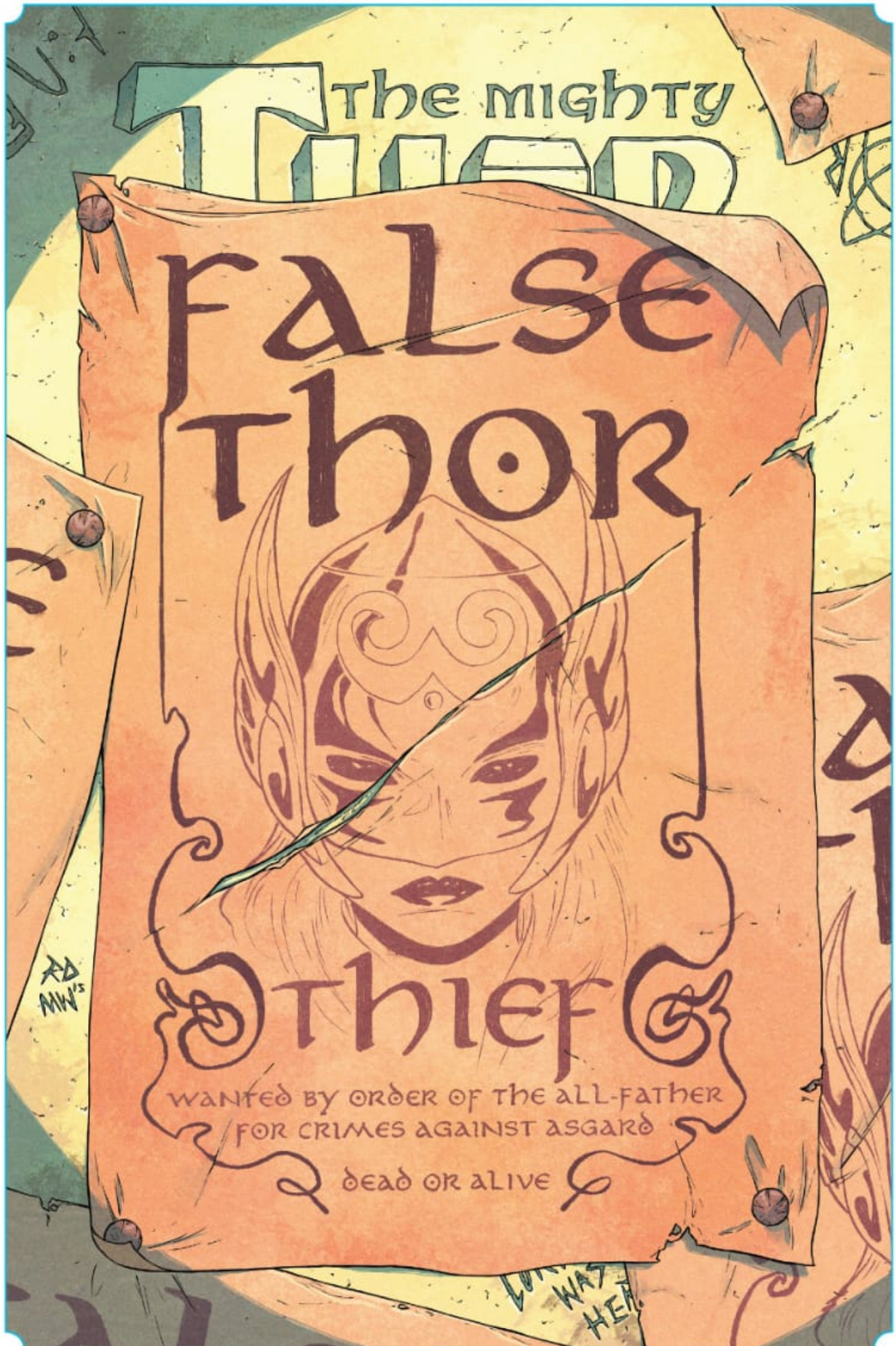
BRING FORTH
THE PRISONER!
THIS COURT IS
READY TO SIT IN
JUDGMENT OF
HER CRIMES!



MAY THE
FATES HAVE
MERCY ON YOUR
SOUL, LADY
FREYJA!

FOR
ALL-FATHER
ODIN WILL
NOT.







ALFHEIM.
REALM OF THE
LIGHT ELVES.

THE LIGHT ELF FORCES ARE IN SHAMBLES, WHILE THE DARK ELVES MARCH IN STRENGTH ON LJOSALFGARD.

MALEKITH THE ACCURSED
WILL SHOW NO MERCY. THE
WAR OF THE ELVES WILL
END WITH SLAUGHTER.

**BUT ON THE
BRIGHT SIDE...**

**IT LOOKS LIKE I
WON'T BE DYING
OF CANCER
AFTER ALL.**

**BECAUSE THERE'S
NO WAY I'M GONNA
LIVE THAT LONG.**

**OH,
HELL.**



WAKE UP,
HAMMER!

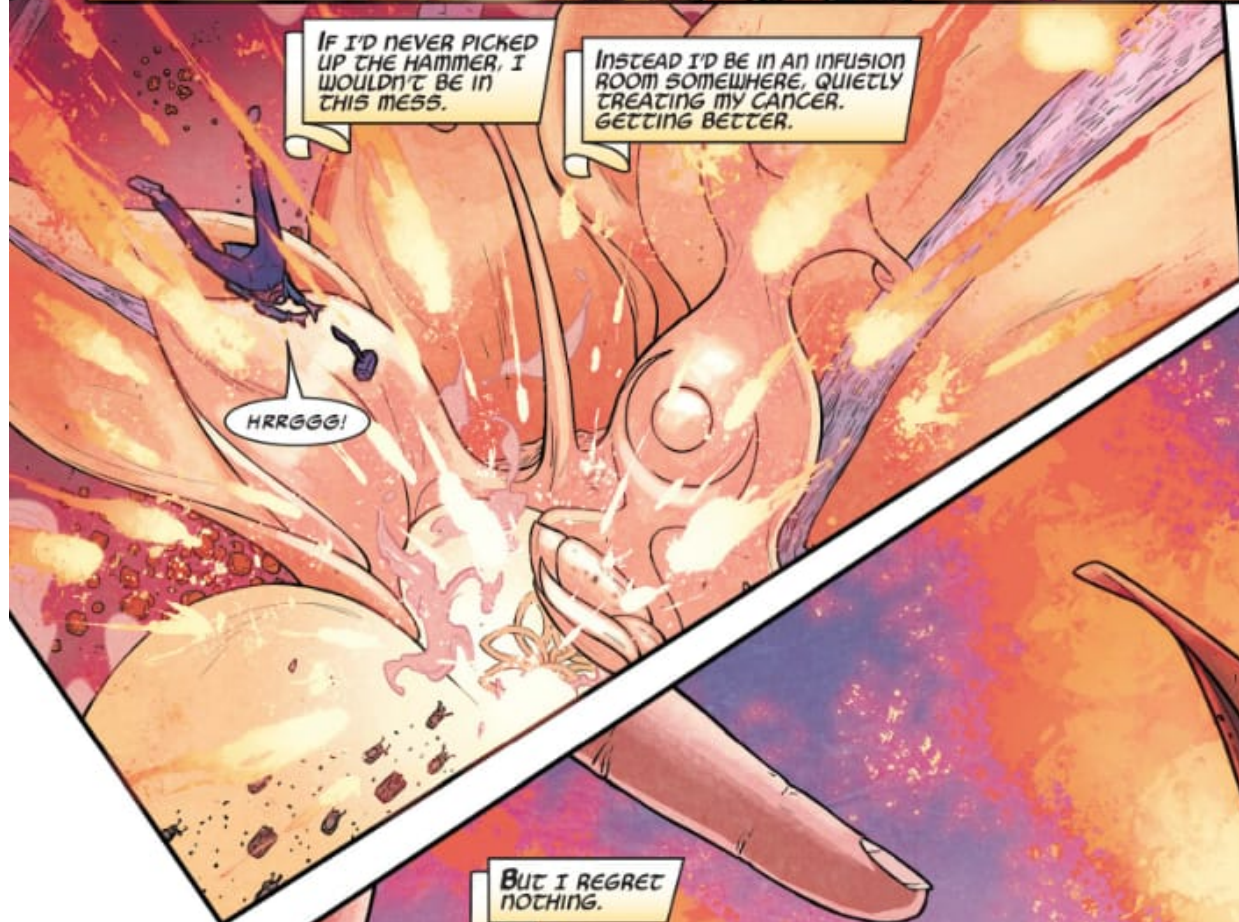
GAAGH,
I CAN'T...

MJOLNIR!



HMM, NO SIGN
OF THOR. PERHAPS
I'LL BECOME THE
STAR OF MY OWN
STORY AGAIN
AFTER ALL.

THE MIGHTY
LOKI, PRODIGIOUSLY
BEARDED KING OF
ASGARD. OH, I DO
BELIEVE I COULD
MAKE THAT
WORK.



IF I'D NEVER PICKED
UP THE HAMMER, I
WOULDN'T BE IN
THIS MESS.

INSTEAD I'D BE IN AN INFUSION
ROOM SOMEWHERE, QUIETLY
TREATING MY CANCER.
GETTING BETTER.

HRRGGG!

BUT I REGRET
NOTHING.

NOT A SINGLE
THUNDEROUS
SECOND.

NO MATTER
WHAT--



MALEKITH!

BRING
ALL THE ELVES
YOU HAVE IN
SVARTALFHEIM!
BUT YOU SHALL
NOT TAKE
THIS CITY!

NOT WHILE
THOR YET
LIVES!

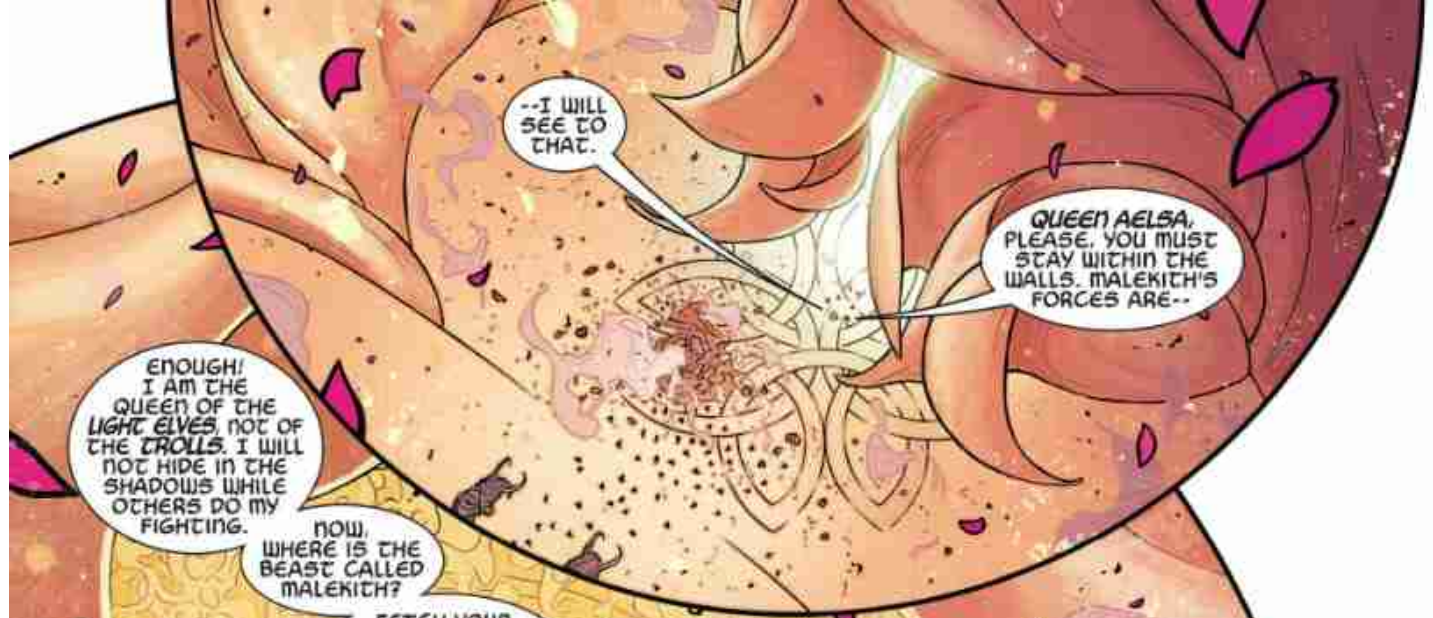


OH WELL.
I SUPPOSE
MY MOMENT
CAN WAIT.

STAND ASIDE,
LOKI. OR DO YOU
DESIRE ANOTHER
TASTE OF URU?

HEY, DON'T
MIND ME. I'M ONLY
HERE TO WATCH. I
HAVEN'T SEEN A
GOOD WAR IN
AGES.

THIS
WAR IS AT
AN END--









SO IT'S TRUE, LAUFLEY LIVES.

INDEED HE DOES. BIGGER AND MORE LOVABLE THAN EVER.

IT WOULD SEEM DEATH HAS NOT IMPROVED HIS WISDOM. THE FROST GIANTS HAVE MADE A GRAVE ERROR BY ALIGNING WITH THE DARK ELVES.

I THOUGHT THERE WAS A THOR HERE.



ALL I SEE IS A LITTLE GIRL WITH A HAMMER.



NOW, DADDY, DON'T BE A TROLL. A LOT HAS CHANGED OVER THE CENTURIES SINCE YOU FIRST DIED.

THIS IS THE ALL-NEW MIGHTY THOR. AND I ASSURE YOU, SHE'S JUST AS CAPABLE AS ANY SON OF ODIN.

HEH.

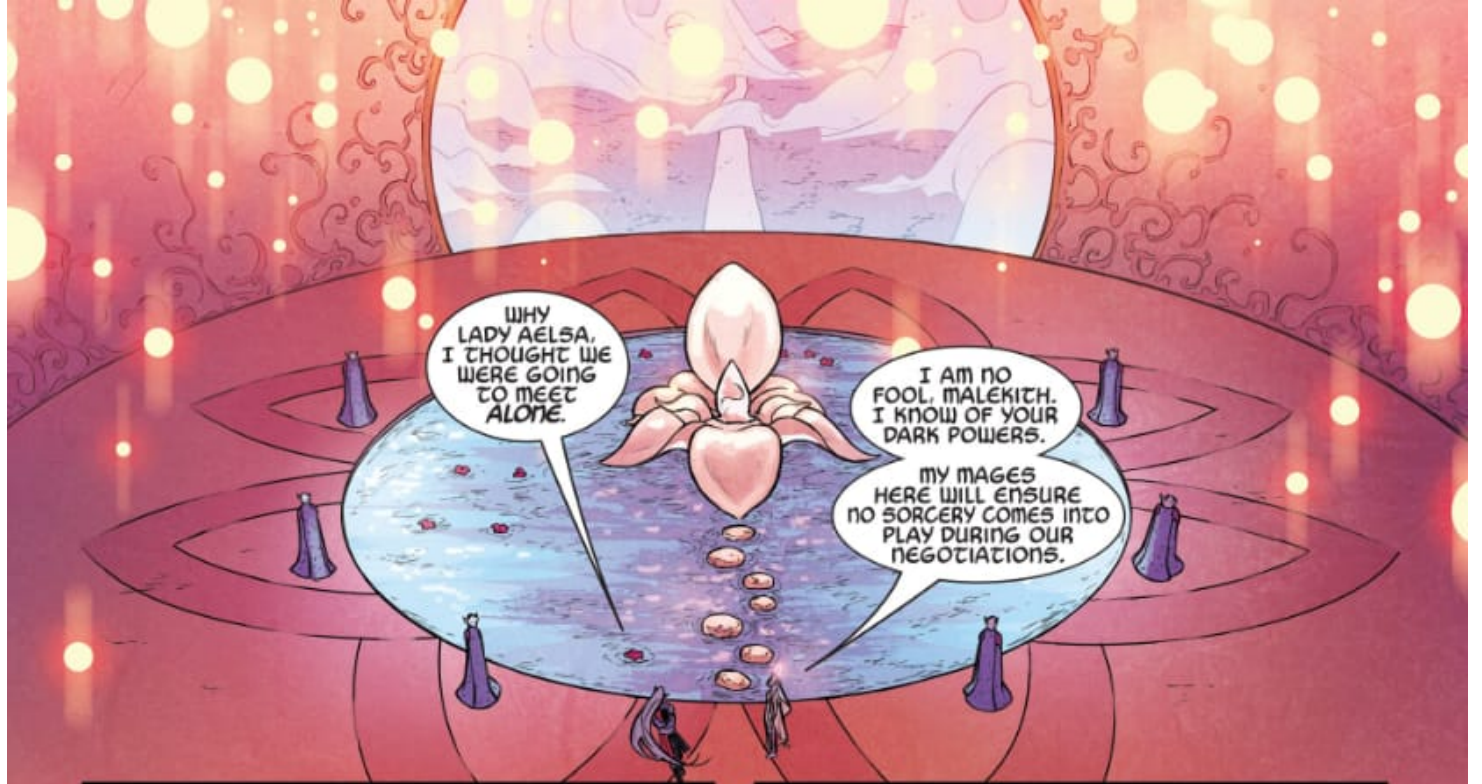


HA HA
HAAA HAHA
HA!!!

HIS LAUGHTER SHAKES THE GROUND.



AND I VOW TO REMEMBER EVERY SECOND OF IT.



WHY
LADY AELSA,
I THOUGHT WE
WERE GOING
TO MEET
ALONE.

I AM NO
FOOL, MALEKITH.
I KNOW OF YOUR
DARK POWERS.

MY MAGES
HERE WILL ENSURE
NO SORCERY COMES INTO
PLAY DURING OUR
NEGOTIATIONS.



NEGOTIATIONS?
IS THAT WHAT
THIS IS?

I THOUGHT
YOU WERE GOING
TO BEG ME NOT TO
MASSACRE YOUR
ENTIRE RACE.

IS THAT
WHAT YOU WANT?
ME TO SHAME
MYSELF?

WHAT I
WANT, MY LADY,
IS VICTORY.



THE LANDS OF
THE ELVES SHALL
BE UNITED. NO MORE
DIVISIONS OF DARK AND
LIGHT. WE SHALL BE
ONE PEOPLE. AT
LONG LAST.

YOU
KNOW THAT
WILL NEVER HAPPEN.
YOU MAY TAKE THIS
CITY, BUT YOU CAN
NEVER HOLD
THIS LAND.

YOU'RE
RIGHT.



WAR WILL
NOT UNITE US.
THAT WILL TAKE...
SOMETHING ELSE
ENTIRELY.

YOU
CAN'T POSSIBLY
MEAN...

WOULD YOU
LIKE ME TO
GET DOWN ON
ONE KNEE?





CITIZENS
OF ALFHEIM, SO
ENDS THE WAR OF
THE ELVES.

AND SO
BEGINS A NEW
ERA OF PEACE
BETWEEN ALL
ELVES.

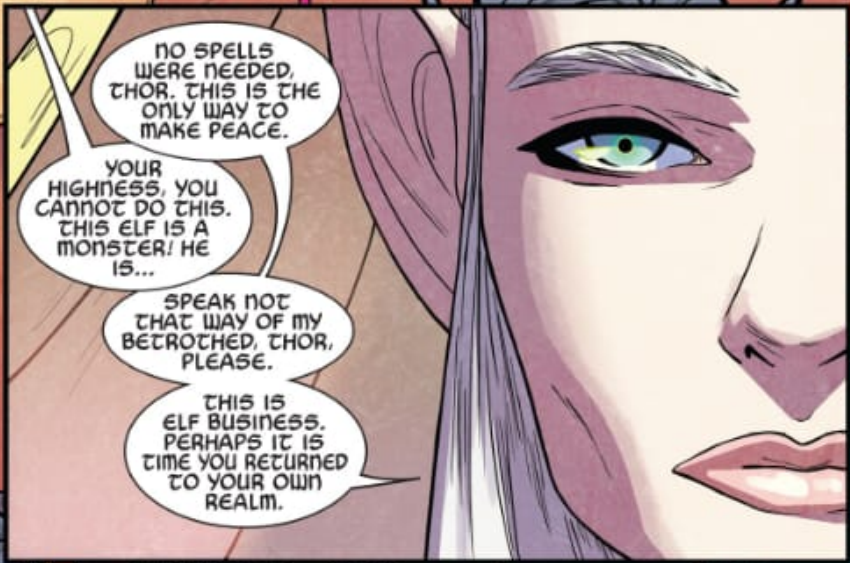
LET THE
BLOODSHED CEASE
AND THE CELEBRATION
BEGIN. FOR I HAVE
AGREED THIS DAY TO
EMBRACE UNITY
OVER HATRED...

...BY ACCEPTING
THE HAND OF KING
MALEKITH IN HOLY
MATRIMONY.



NO!
THIS CANNOT
BE!

WHAT SPELL
HAVE YOU CAST
UPON THE QUEEN,
MALEKITH, YOU
DEVIL?!



NO SPELLS
WERE NEEDED,
THOR. THIS IS THE
ONLY WAY TO
MAKE PEACE.

YOUR
HIGHNESS, YOU
CANNOT DO THIS.
THIS ELF IS A
MONSTER! HE
IS...

SPEAK NOT
THAT WAY OF MY
BETROTHED, THOR,
PLEASE.

THIS IS
ELF BUSINESS.
PERHAPS IT IS
TIME YOU RETURNED
TO YOUR OWN
REALM.



YES, FRANKLY
I'M A BIT SURPRISED
YOU AREN'T THERE
ALREADY. I ASSUMED
YOU WOULDN'T WANT
TO MISS THE BIG
TRIAL.

TRIAL?

WHAT
TRIAL?

CONFESS.



CONFESS
YOUR TREASON,
LADY FREYJA, AND
THIS TRIAL'S END
WILL COME
SWIFTLY.

YOU
WISH ME TO
CONFESS, LORD
ODIN? VERY
WELL.

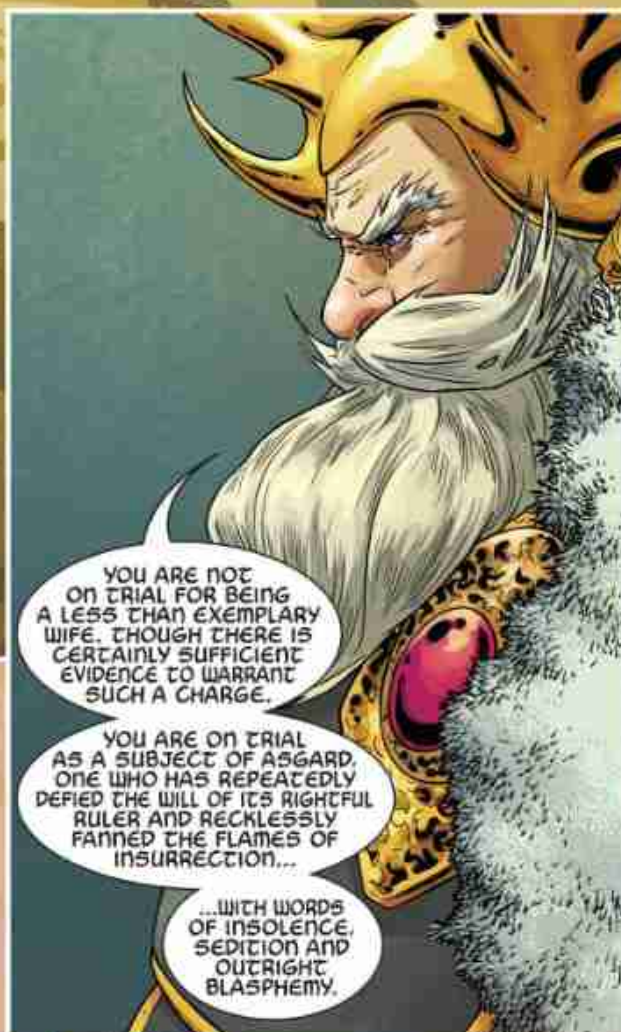
AS WILL
THIS THRONE'S
JUDGMENT
DOWN UPON
YOU.



I CONFESS
TO ENABLING
MY HUSBAND
FOR FAR TOO
LONG.

ENABLING
HIM TO BE A
STUBBORN,
NARROW-MINDED,
COLD-HEARTED
FOOL OF A
GOD.

I SWEAR
BEFORE THIS
COURT THAT I
WILL NEVER AGAIN
COMMIT SUCH
AN EGREGIOUS
CRIME.



YOU ARE NOT
ON TRIAL FOR BEING
A LESS THAN EXEMPLARY
WIFE. THOUGH THERE IS
CERTAINLY SUFFICIENT
EVIDENCE TO WARRANT
SUCH A CHARGE.

YOU ARE ON TRIAL
AS A SUBJECT OF ASGARD,
ONE WHO HAS REPEATEDLY
DEFIED THE WILL OF ITS RIGHTFUL
RULER AND RECKLESSLY
FANNED THE FLAMES OF
INSURRECTION...

...WITH WORDS
OF INSOLENCE,
SEDITION AND
OUTRIGHT
BLASPHEMY.





YOU SPEAK OF ASGARD AND ODIN AS IF THEY ARE SOMEHOW SEPARATE.

I AM ASGARD, WOMAN.

FROM NOW UNTIL THE END OF TIME.

YOU WILL LEARN TO RESPECT THAT HERE TODAY. OR I SWEAR TO YOU BY THE BONES OF MY FATHER AND ALL THE ALL-FATHERS BEFORE HIM...



YOU WILL NEVER SEE SUNLIGHT AGAIN.

TELL ME, ALL-FATHER, HAVE YOU BUT ONE EAR TO GO WITH THAT EYE OF YOURS? CAN YOU NOT HEAR THE CRIES FROM OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW?

DO YOUR WORST TO SILENCE ME. BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO SILENCE ALL OF THEM...

"...YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A LOT MORE HAMMERS."



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HEIMDALL?!

WHERE IS LADY FREYJA? WE DEMAND TO SEE THE ALL-MOTHER!

DISPERSE THIS MOB AT ONCE OR YOU'LL SEE YOUR BELOVED ALL-MOTHER--

--FROM INSIDE THE CELL RIGHT NEXT TO HERS!





"WHERE IS
JANE FOSTER?"

LISTEN.
THAT IS ALL
I ASK OF YOU,
HUSBAND.

LISTEN TO
YOUR PEOPLE.
TO YOUR WIFE, WHO
LEARNED TO LOVE YOU
ONCE AND MAYHAP
COULD DO SO
AGAIN.

LISTEN
AND BE THE
ALL-FATHER WE
ALL NEED.

NEVER HAS
ASGARD FACED
MORE CHALLENGES
THAN SHE DOES RIGHT
NOW. PLEASE, ODIN,
DON'T INSIST ON
BEING ONE
YOURSELF.

END THIS
FARCE OF A TRIAL.
END THIS FIGHTING.
EMBRACE CHANGE,
MY LOVE. BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE.

CHANGE?
DO YOU ASK
THE SUN TO
CHANGE THE
WAY IT
RISES?

ODIN IS THE
SUN AND THE
STARS AND THE
MOON AND
MORE.

ODIN IS
THE WAY AND
THE WRATH AND
THE WONDER! ODIN
IS HE WHO SPEAKS
WHILE GALAXIES
OBEY!

ODIN IS,
WAS AND WILL
ALWAYS BE! NONE
ALIVE MAY SAY
HIM NAY!

NOT EVEN
YOU.

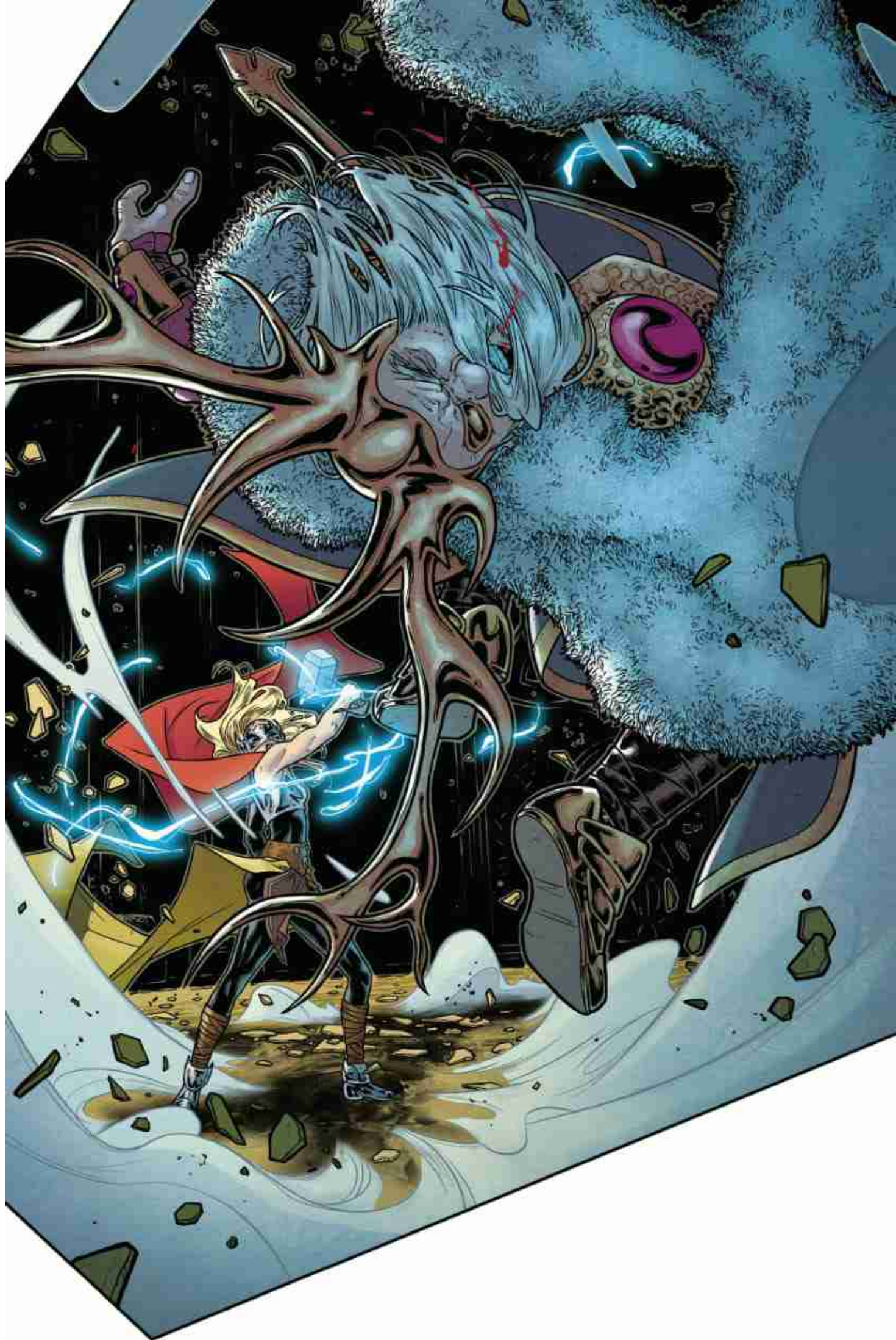
FREYJA
FREYRDOTTIR
OF THE VANIR,
QUEEN OF
ASGARD...

FOR
THE CRIME OF
TREASON, YOUR
ALL-FATHER HEREBY
SENTENCES
YOU TO--

KRAKA KOOO



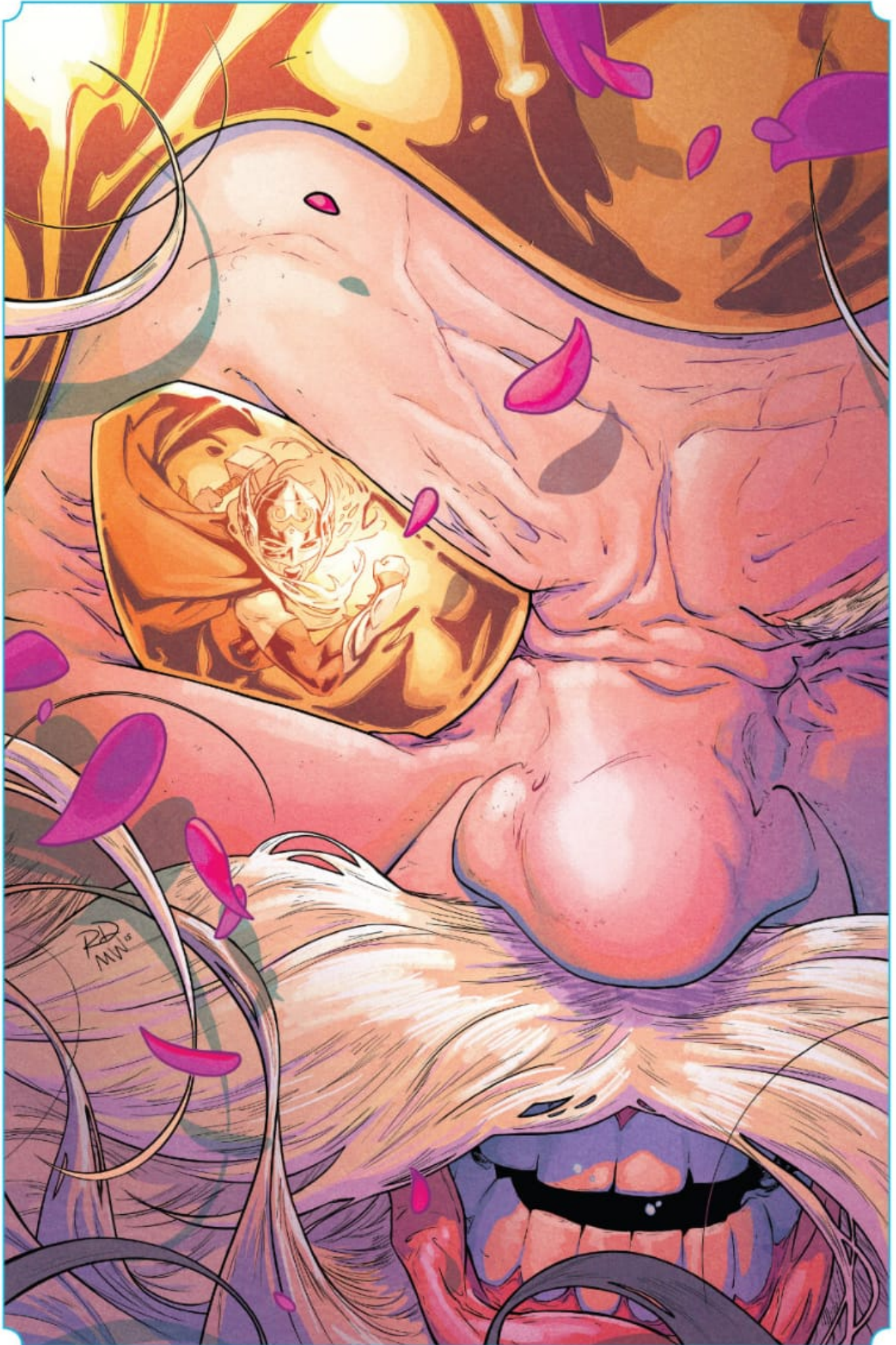






TODAY...
DEATH COMES
FOR THE ONE
WHO WOULD
BE THOR!

TODAY
MY HAMMER
COMES FOR
YOUR FACE!



THE CIVIL WAR OF THE GODS

THE MOONS OF SATURN.

THERE WAS A TIME I WAS IN LOVE WITH THE GOD WHO ONCE CARRIED THIS HAMMER.

AND HE WAS IN LOVE WITH ME.

WE CAME AWFULLY CLOSE TO SPENDING OUR LIVES TOGETHER.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE REASON WE NEVER DID.

HIS NAME IS ODIN.

YOU, YOU WRETCHED MALLET. THIS IS ALL YOUR DAMN FAULT.

I WAS NEVER GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE ALL-FATHER. NEVER WORTHY.

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE HAD YOU FORGED IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU...

GAAGGGHH.

A LOT HAS CHANGED SINCE THOSE DAYS. SO TELL ME, OLD MAN--

A comic book panel depicting a dramatic scene in space. Thor, with his long blonde hair and red cape, is shown from the chest up in the foreground, looking towards the right. He is wearing his Asgardian armor. In the background, a large, grey, cratered asteroid floats in the dark blue space. A smaller figure of Thor is seen flying away from the asteroid towards the right. A large, bright orange and red explosion or energy burst is visible on the right side of the panel, with many small rocks and debris floating around it. The overall tone is epic and action-packed.

--AM I WORTHY
ENOUGH FOR
YOU NOW?

YIELD,
ODIN.

YIELD
THIS FIGHT.
YIELD YOUR
THRONE.

AND TAKE
YOUR PLACE IN
THE DUST AND
SHADOWS, LIKE
THE RELIC
YOU ARE.



YIELD?

DID ODIN
YIELD TO *YMMR*,
THE FIRST OF THE
GIANTS? DID HE
YIELD TO *SURCUR*,
THE FATHER
OF FIRE?

YOU CAN
ASK THEM
YOURSELF,
GIRL...

...WHEN
YOU SEE THEM
IN HEL!

"GOD VERSUS GOD. THIS
ISN'T RIGHT. THIS IS NOT
THE WAR I WANTED."

 ASGARDIA.





BUT JUST ONE
GUARDIAN WHO
SOARS ABOVE
THEM ALL.

HER NAME
IS THOR.

AND LIKE IT
OR NOT...



...SHE'S NOT GOING
ANYWHERE.



MAGIC HAMMERS MUST HAVE A SICK SENSE OF HUMOR. BUT I DON'T FIND THIS THE LEAST BIT FUNNY.

WAR IN ALFHEIM.
CIVIL WAR IN
ASGARD.

WHEN EVEN THE ELVES AND
IMMORTALS CAN'T KEEP THEIR
HOUSES IN ORDER...WHAT
THE HELL KIND OF HOPE DO
THE REST OF US HAVE?

THEN AGAIN, WHEN YOU'RE
A NINETY-POUND WOMAN
DYING OF CANCER...

...IT DOES FEEL PRETTY
GOOD TO PUNCH GOD
IN THE FACE.



FEELS GOOD THE SECOND TIME, TOO, AND THE THIRD.



WE CAN'T FIGHT THE DESTROYER.

WE CAN IF WE FIND OUT WHO IN ASGARDIA IS CONTROLLING THE THING.

LOKI, CAN YOU TRACE THE MAGIC?

PROBABLY, YES.



YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT MALEKITH, MOTHER. ABOUT HIS PLANS. ABOUT THE WAR THAT'S GOING TO SPREAD ACROSS THE REALMS.

NOT NOW, LOKI. FIRST WE WIN ASGARD. THEN WE DEAL WITH MALEKITH.



YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING.

WELL... ALMOST EVERYTHING.



LADY FREYJA!

HOLD...
WHAT DID
I JUST
SENSE...
no.

THE BATTLE ENDED
THE MOMENT SHE
FELL.

AND THE MANHUNT
BEGAN.



THE DISTANCE FROM SATURN
TO JUPITER, WHEN THEY'RE
AT THEIR CLOSEST, IS FOUR
HUNDRED MILLION MILES.

IT TAKES US ABOUT
TWO PUNCHES TO
COVER THAT.

YOU DARE
CALL ME A
RELIC?!

TIME
CANNOT
PASS ODIN BY,
WOMAN!

WITHOUT
ODIN, THERE IS
NO TIME!



ODIN WOULDN'T LET ANYONE TOUCH HER.

HE CARRIED FREYJA INTO HIS INNERMOST SANCTUM, THE CHAMBER OF THE ODIN SLEEP, WHERE THE DESTROYER GUARDS THE DOOR DAY AND NIGHT.

THEY SAY HIS HALL SMELLS OF PRIMAL MAGIC, AND THAT SOMETIMES YOU CAN HEAR HIS WEeping THROUGH THE WALLS.



THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS WAS RESTORED, AND WITH IT, SOME SENSE OF ORDER.

ALL FIGHTING HAS ENDED, ALL ARMS HAVE BEEN LAID ASIDE.

FOR NOW.



THOUGH NOT EVERYTHING IN THE GOLDEN REALM IS THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.

CUL BORSON, THE GOD OF FEAR, SERVES AS REGENT IN HIS BROTHER'S STEAD.

THE COURT OF ASGARD REMAINS A TENSE AND SOMBER PLACE.



AND CANCER REMAINS ONE HELL OF A DISEASE.

NO ONE IS QUITE SURE WHO WON THE CIVIL WAR IN ASGARD, ESPECIALLY THOSE OF US WHO FOUGHT IN IT. BUT OF ONE THING I AM DEFINITELY CERTAIN...

A comic book page featuring Thor in space. The top panel shows Thor flying above a planet, with a speech bubble. The middle panel shows Thor being hit by a massive energy blast. The bottom panel shows Thor's face in a close-up, with a speech bubble. The background is a vast, fiery orange and yellow storm system.

no sun,
no moon, no
stars!

RIGHT.
NO FOUR-
HUNDRED-YEAR-
OLD, PLANET-SIZED
JOVIAN SUPER
STORMS!

JUPITER'S GREAT RED SPOT
ERUPTS AROUND ME. THE
HAMMER CONVULSES
VIOLENTLY IN MY HANDS.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW
BETTER...I'D SWEAR
I COULD HEAR
MJOLNIR LAUGHING.



THE REAL WAR
LIES ELSEWHERE.



AND IT HAS
ONLY JUST
BEGUN.

SOME
STORMS YOU
GET HERE IN
JOTUNHEIM.



I'D ALMOST
FORGOTTEN.

COME,
BOY. TELL ME
AGAIN HOW SHE
SCREAMED WHEN
YOU STABBED
HER.

YES,
FATHER.



THERE ARE TEN REALMS
SPREAD ALONG THE
WORLD TREE.

TEN VERY DIFFERENT
REALMS. EACH WITH
ITS OWN WONDERS
AND TERRORS.

EPILOGUE.

"HE'S SCREAMING AGAIN."



I HAVE EARS. WE BETTER SHUT HIM UP BEFORE HE WAKES THE BOSS. HE TRYING TO ESCAPE AGAIN?

NO, THIS IS DIFFERENT. HE'D BEEN QUIET AND SULLEN SINCE THE LAST TIME WE BEAT HIM DOWN. AND THEN IT WAS ALMOST LIKE...

...LIKE A WAVE OF RECOGNITION PASSED OVER HIM. LIKE HE SUDDENLY REALIZED SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAD JUST HAPPENED.



THEN HE STARTED SCREAMING FOR HIS MOTHER.

HIS MOTHER? HEH.

I GUESS
THEY DON'T MAKE
THORS LIKE THEY
USED TO.

 **TO BE CONTINUED.**



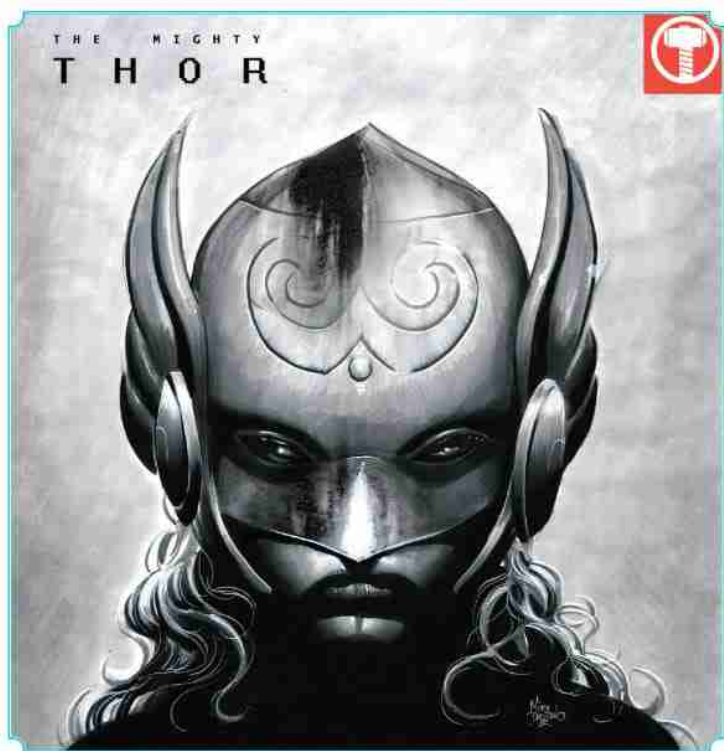
MIGHTY THOR #1 COVER INKS
BY RUSSELL DAUTERMAN



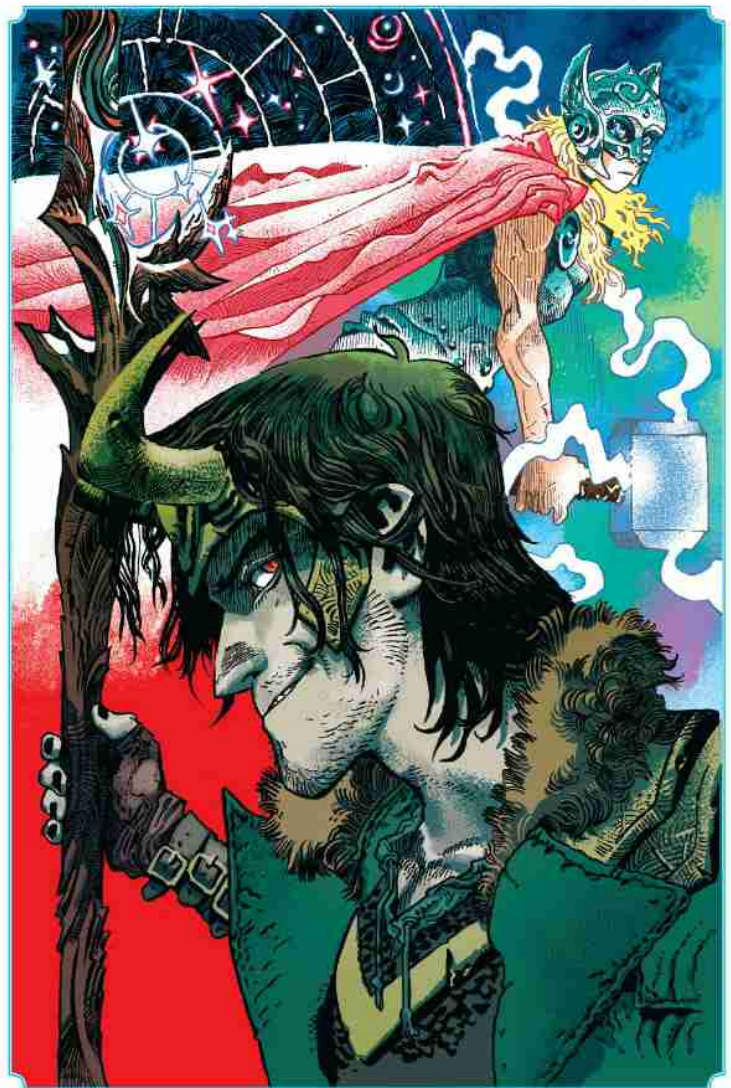
MIGHTY THOR # 1 VARIANT
BY RUSSELL DAUTERMAN



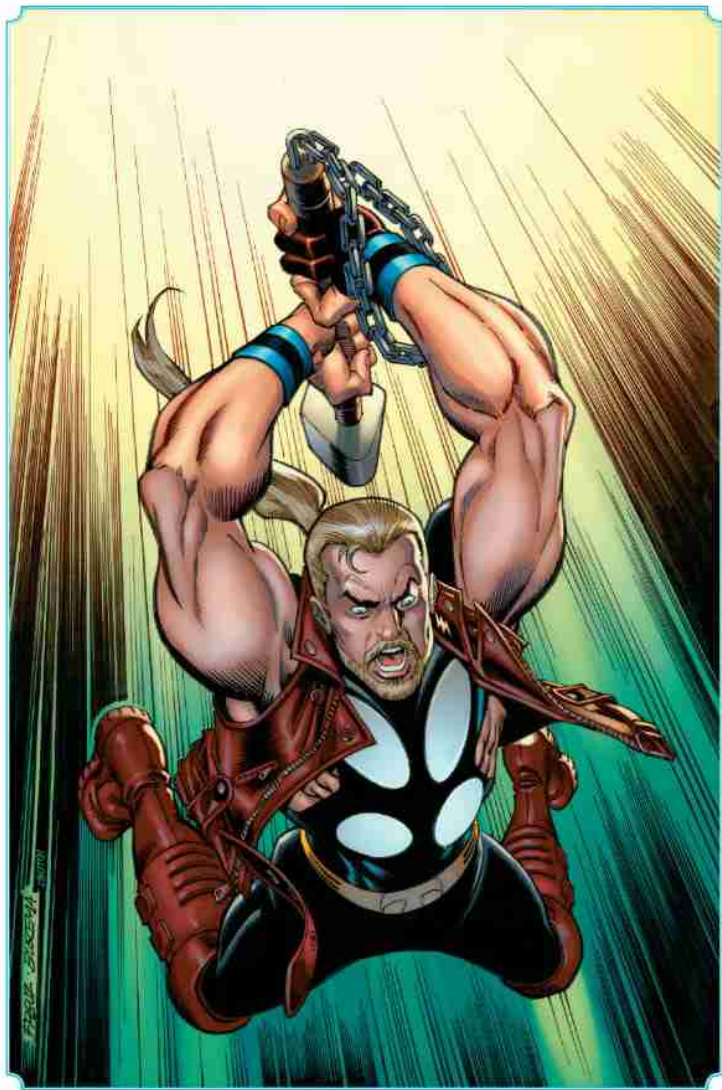
MIGHTY THOR # 1 VARIANT
BY OLIVIER COIPEL



MIGHTY THOR # 1 HIP-HOP VARIANT
BY MIKE DEODATO



MIGHTY THOR # 2 VARIANT
BY ARTYOM TRAKHANOV



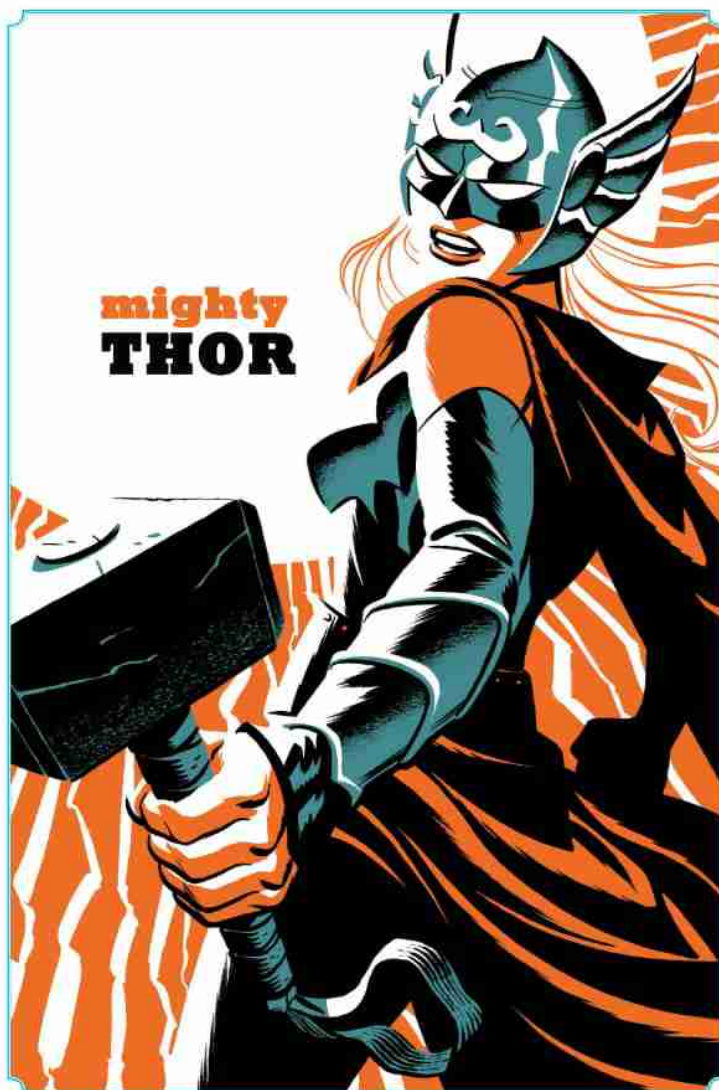
MIGHTY THOR # 2 MARVEL '92 VARIANT
BY RON FRENZ, SAL BUSCEMA & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR



MIGHTY THOR # 3 VARIANT
BY SIMONE BIANCHI & DAVID CURIEL



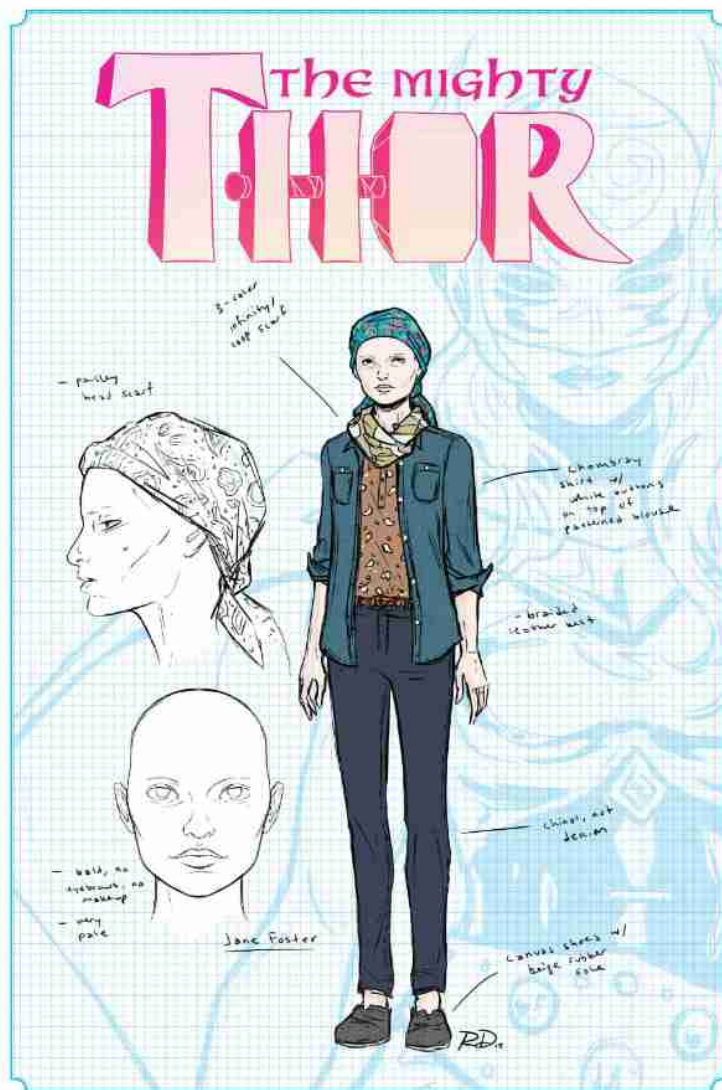
MIGHTY THOR #4 VARIANT
BY ADAM HUGHES



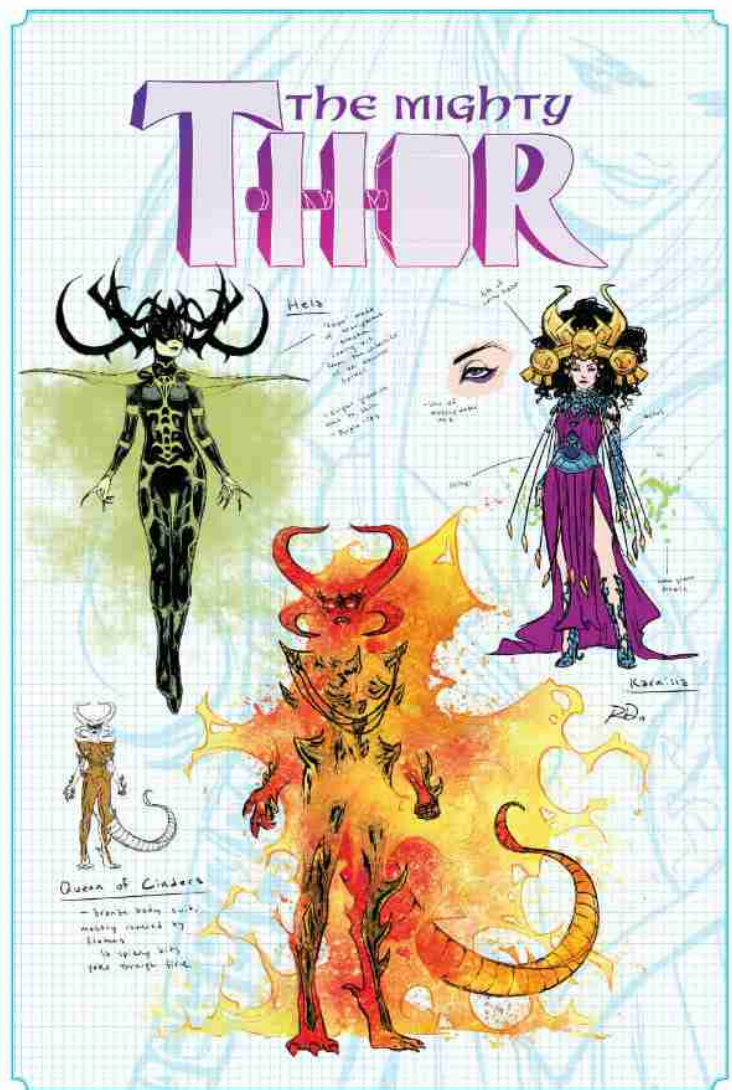
MIGHTY THOR #4 VARIANT
BY MICHAEL CHO

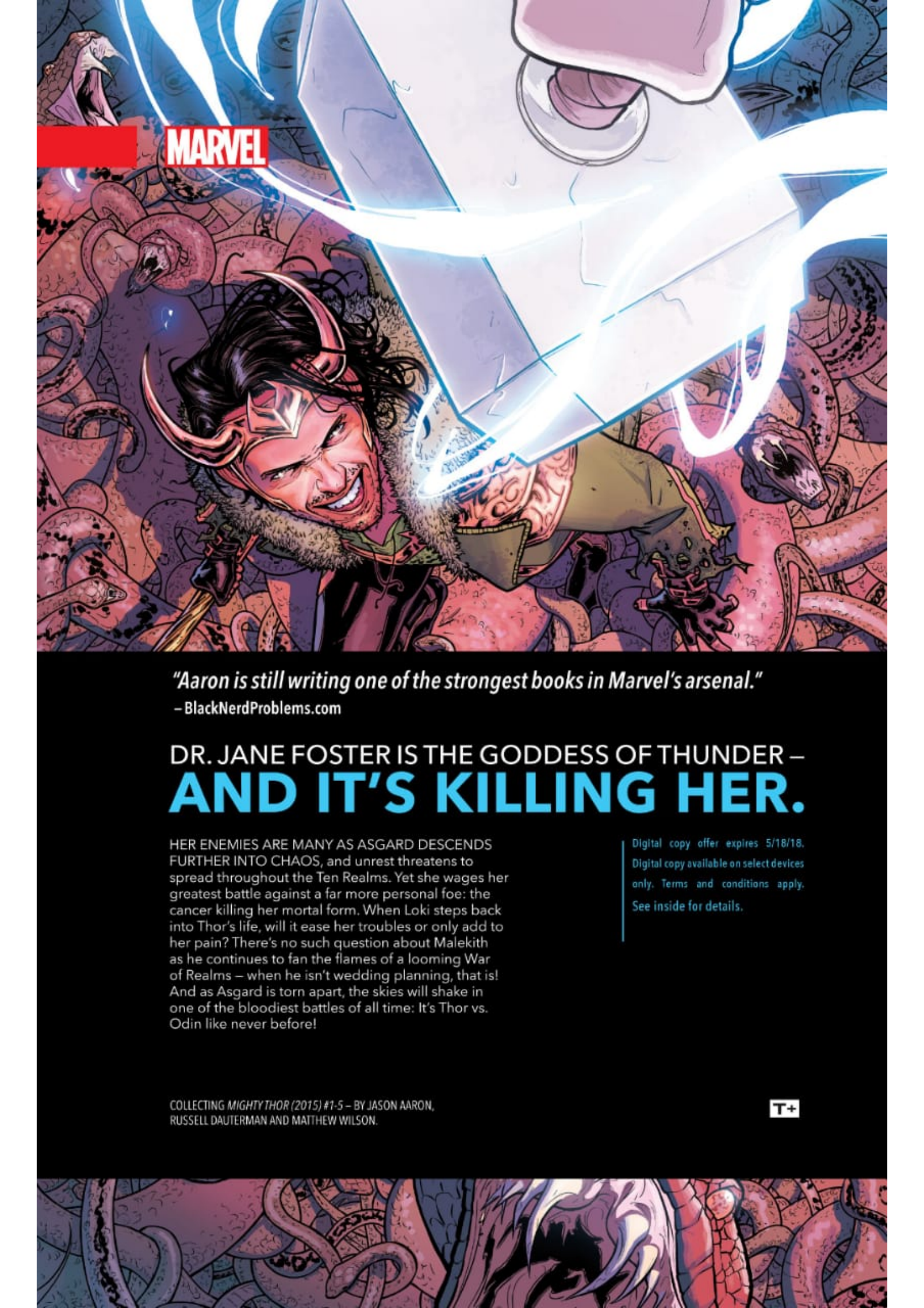


MIGHTY THOR # 5 WOMEN OF POWER VARIANT
BY LAURA BRAGA



MIGHTY THOR # 1 DESIGN VARIANT
BY RUSSELL DAUTERMAN





MARVEL

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COLLECTING MIGHTY THOR (2015) #1-5 – BY JASON AARON,
RUSSELL DAUTERMAN AND MATTHEW WILSON.

T+